AT THE FRONT.

"CAVANDER'S

Army Club"

CIGARETTES

Sold by the leading Tobacconists and in all the Canteens

20 for 1/1 50 for 2/8

Never Strikes Work! The "J.B." Pen. *Coupon on Page 10.*

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIV. No. 639. SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1918. TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

SOLVING THE RENT PROBLEM.

Why pay rent for a lifetime when you can buy your own House by means of a simple system of Instalment Payments? Less than you now pay to a Landlord will enable you to become a House Owner in a few years.

Write for Booklet, free from M.G., J.B.

CITY LIFE Assurance Co. Ltd.

(M. Gregory, Gen. Manager)

6, PAUL ST., FINSBURY, E.C.2.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

HUN PRISONERS AND OUR WOMEN

A Perfect Food-Beverage

On the point of food-value, as well as for its stimulating power, Milkmaid Milk-Cocoa is the ideal war-time beverage. Made of finest cocoa—in itself a nourishing food—best sugar, and pure rich milk—combined in correct proportions, Milk Cocoa is really three foods and a drink in one.

MILKMAID MILK-COCOA

THE COCOA WITH THE MILK-CHOCOLATE FLAVOUR.

The most delicious, most nutritious, and most economical of all cocoas. Made in a moment—only boiling water required.

Prepared in England by the well-known firm of Nestlé, and sold by all Grocers and Stores. Cash price 5½d., 10½d. and 1/7½ per tin.

BUY NATIONAL WAR BONDS.

SUNDAY ONE PENNY

The National News

SPECIAL NEXT SUNDAY
Article by famous U.S. War Correspondent on
America's War Strides.
Order your copy TO-DAY

THE ONLY PENNY SUNDAY NEWSPAPER
Owned by ODHAMS Ltd., the Publishers of JOHN BULL.

"De Reszke" Space-Savers

"De Reszke" American CIGARETTES

The Aristocrat of Virginias—the "De Reszke" *American* Cigarette—has won appreciation from many of the best known men of to-day—men whose words cannot be bought:—

W. Pett Ridge, Esq., writes: "Everything that now comes from America is welcome, and your 'De Reszke' *American* Cigarettes form no exception to the rule."

Arthur Playfair, Esq., writes: "I found the 'De Reszke' *American* Cigarettes excellent, and have since advised my friends to get them."

Other opinions in other "De Reszke" advertisements

Sold Everywhere

Second-hand Cameras

SEND TO US if you want to sell or exchange. We pay prompt cash or make a liberal allowance in part payment of other goods.
SEND TO US for developing and printing. Sparkling Negatives, brilliant Prints, and picturesque Enlargements are the rule with us.
SEND TO US if you want the biggest bargain obtainable. Every week we offer hundreds of fine instruments at remarkably low prices.
SEND TO US for new list which, besides giving particulars of a whole host of bargains in Second-hand Cameras and Apparatus, also embodies a mass of information for beginners in Photography. Post free for 3d. stamps.

Everything sent on Approval and Carriage paid

The Camera House WATSONS

DEPT. No. 16, 84 High Street, SHEFFIELD

MOTOR TUITION
THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING LTD.
gives the Highest Standard of Training in
DRIVING, MECHANISM, and REPAIRS
for the Lowest Fees in England.
Call or write for full particulars:
The British School of Motoring,
Coventry House, 5, Coventry St., Piccadilly Circus, W.

BEACON COATS will keep you dry always. Men's 25/-, Ladies' 22/6, Children's 16/6, Sou'-westers 2/6, Long Leggings 5/—all guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods. Illustrated List Post Free Send Post-card now for this Art Booklet of "Weather Comfort" to BARBOUR'S, Ltd. 67 BEACON BUILDINGS, SOUTH SHIELDS.

FARM BOOTS
STYLE 129
Stout Black Chrome Waterproof Double Tongue Derby Pattern, with Toecap, as illustrated.

Style No. 129.
Nailed in groups of three to prevent slipping. 28/6 Cash with Order.
Sizes 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (Size 12 1/- extra). Each size made in three different widths: No. 4 (Medium), No. 5 (Wide), No. 6 (Extra Wide).
Write for our 101-page Catalogue.
The Maximum Shoe Co., Ltd.,
Department 70,
Maximum Works, Northampton

Do you want to earn
Five hundred pounds a year?

Men who wrote for this booklet a year or so ago are now earning double the salary they were then. It's all a matter of training—intensive Scottish training. But it's as easy as learning grammar or arithmetic.

Send to-day for this free Booklet. It will show you how you can immensely improve your position.

The School of Accountancy, 2 W. Regent St., Glasgow.

GRASP
CATESBYS
LINO OFFER NOW.
Every house-proud woman should know it is still possible to obtain Catesbys Cork Lino—the ideal floor covering—at exceptionally moderate cash terms or by small easy payments. It is to your interest to write for patterns and prices at once. They're Free if you mention this paper.
CATESBYS Ltd.
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Tottenham Court Road,
London, W. 1.

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD
Write for patterns post free of Suits, Costumes, Coat Frocks, Robes, Raincoats, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc., or Catalogues of Watches and Jewellery, Workers' and Boys' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Gramophones and Records, Lino, Carpets, Prams, Folding Cars, Cycles, Tyres, Tea and Dinner Services, Bedsteads and Bedding, Sewing Machines, Poultry Appliances, etc.
EASY TERMS
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Milton avoids the danger of FLIES

"How many," says *Good Health*, "have considered the real "meaning of that dark fly speck on the wall or the window-"pane, or, perchance, on a lump of sugar? The microscope "reveals a mass of putrid matter, reeking with germs of "various kinds, including those capable of producing disease."

Flies carry bacteria on feet and legs, but chiefly disseminate disease through their droppings. Flies will avoid foodstuffs which have been treated with MILTON as directed, and MILTON immediately dissolves fly-blow and destroys all germs therein.

In living rooms and bedrooms the use of MILTON as directed not only freshens the air, but also serves to eliminate the danger and to a large extent the presence of flies.

Flies will soon be here in millions. Protect yourself at once from their dangers.

There are over twenty ways of using MILTON in hot weather—refreshing the air, keeping away dirt, disease and infection, destroying bad smells, preserving milk and food, cleansing salads and vegetables, and purifying the home and its contents.

There is an ample supply of MILTON. Your Chemist, your Grocer or Ironmonger can obtain it. If he says he cannot obtain it tell him our address and we will see that he is promptly supplied.

Get a bottle of MILTON to-day, follow the instructions given with each bottle, and you will get rid of these pests with all their dangers.

1/- & 2/- Bottles
Of all Dealers.
The 2/- Bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 1/-.

Milton Manufacturing Co., Ltd., 125, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1.; and 64, Wellington St., Glasgow.

4/- 4/-
9ct. Gold .. 21/-, Silver .. 8/-
Gold Filled .. 4/-

IDENTIFICATION DISCS
FOR WRENS or W.A.A.C.S.
TOMMIES or JACKS.
HAND ENGRAVED with name and number and any Crest, complete with strap. These will last for generations as souvenirs. Splendid present for a Soldier or Sailor, or can be worn by ladies with their name and address engraved.
SIMS & MAYER,
(Dept. J.B.)
Walter House, 52, Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIV. No. 639. Week ending Saturday, August 31st, 1918. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

A Seven Years' War.

Does our noble friend Lord Rothermere still think we are in for a seven years' war? *We* are backing Clemenceau for the Prophecy Stakes—and we know we shall not be disappointed.

From the Front.

From a letter just received, from an officer of very high rank: "We have got these swine on the go—everything is going fine. Our fellows haven't got time to take many prisoners—it uses up too many of our men to watch them." Rather neat, that!

The King's Message.

Whoever was responsible for advising his Majesty to confine his congratulations, on returning from his recent visit to the Front, to the Machine Gun Corps, the R.A.F., and the Tanks? There is a sore feeling amongst other units. Perhaps the King will put matters right in his own gracious way.

The General Election.

There is a widespread desire amongst our readers to know what part we propose taking in the forthcoming election. We are afraid that at the moment the answer must be in the Asquithian mood.

The Stuff to Give 'Em!

Apropos of the ridiculous character of much of the literature issued by our War Propaganda departments, the *Saturday Review*, with great wisdom, says: "What the democracy want are statements—short, plain and simple . . . they want, in short, the journalism of Mr. Bottomley." Quite so.

Von Bissing.

A reader, just back from a holiday in the Isle of Man, tells us that Von Bissing, the brother of the murderer of Nurse Cavell, is living at the Beresford Hotel, with three German servants, and that every day he goes to Douglas Head for a swim, passing German prisoners on the way. That's all!

Kerensky.

Many readers ask us to explain the boycott of Kerensky by the Government and the Government press during his recent visit. We presume it is a case of taking no risks, as in the present Russian chaos it is impossible to distinguish the wheat from the chaff. The Labour Party, we are afraid, is not very sensitive of the difference. You see, Kerensky "looks the part."

Oh, Horror!

We are told that at Madame Tussaud's the Kaiser has been placed in close proximity to ourselves. We hope only as a foil.

A Pertinent Query.

Glad to learn that, following on our recent paragraph, Captain Stannard—formerly Steinhardt—has left the Intelligence Department of the War Office. But where is he now?

Lofthouse Park Camp.

Is it the fact that the Officer Commanding has now been retired on *full* pay, and that Lieut. Canning—who was the cause of "all the pother"—has been ordered to report in France?

"A Most Dangerous Spy."

How comes it that a German who has just escaped from a Yorkshire internment camp is officially described as "a most dangerous spy"? If such be the fact, why hasn't the man been court-martialled and shot?

Stopford and Samter.

So at last the authorities are taking action, and these two men have now the opportunity of vindicating themselves in respect of the serious charges we have brought against them. For the moment, we say no more.

Flying Fatalities.

We continue to receive most circumstantial reports as to the causes of many of the recent flying fatalities. One provincial Rector, for instance, tells us of grave suspicion of tampering with the machines on the part of a Hun-bred officer.

A Dying Hero.

Here is a copy of a mud-stained note, written in a very shaky hand on the battlefield: "I am dying on the field. With my last strength, God bless you and kiddies. I am glad to give my life for my country. Don't grieve over me—be proud of the fact. Good-bye, and God bless you. When the kiddies get old, tell them how I died.—Fred." The letter was brought to us by Fred's proud mother.

Huns at Harrogate.

During our visit to the English Carlsbad—only better—we ascertained, by reference to official documents, that there are at present about a hundred enemy aliens—i.e., unnaturalised Germans and Austrians—in the town, and that four of them are actually carrying on business! And then there are between two and three hundred "friendly" aliens—of course, mostly "Swiss." We know those Swiss!

Another Loch Doon?

Who is responsible for the selection of Barnstaple as the site for another shipyard? Watch its progress.

President Wilson's Visit.

We hope it is not true that the President is coming over here. His place for the next six months is undoubtedly in America.

The Mercantile Marine.

We are all for the proposal to establish a Pension Fund for this branch of the naval service—which has been too long neglected.

Gifts to Chili.

Can it be true that our Government has recently made gifts of submarines and aeroplanes to Chili—and, if so, what steps have been taken to see that none of them has found its way to Germany?

Two Books.

During the taking of our recent "cure" we consumed, with avidity, two little books. One was the latest volume of verse by Baroness Gingold—"Visions of Mine Head"—and the other, "Guns and Guitars," good poems all, by W. R. Titterton. Get them.

Sir Oracle.

According to the *Advertising World*, we are "one of the most assailed and criticised of men," but there is, all the same, no possible doubt that our utterances "are accounted little short of oracular by millions of readers." We must really be careful what we say.

Sir Albert's Other Name.

We are told that Knattriess—the other name of Sir Albert Stanley—is old and typical Prussian-Lithuanian; that the family were Prussian peasants, who emigrated at the time of the German Knights to Lithuania, and that its members are still living and domiciled there So now you know.

More Sport for Tommy.

The Ring Tea-house, Hyde Park, has now been opened by the Y.M.C.A. as a sports-club for all men in the Forces, and the acting Hon. Superintendent, Mrs. Lilian Behrens, appeals to the sportsmen and sportswomen of England to send donations, games, chairs, and anything else likely to be acceptable to the men. All that now remains is for the First Commissioner of Works to set apart ample ground for open-air recreation.

Walker, London.

Picture a soldier arriving home on leave from the front, carrying a full pack. Imagine him, because of the traffic strike, having to plod miles and miles through London streets. Then see him reading—"At meetings at Acton a large contingent of strikers arrived on special cars, kindly lent by the L.U.T." After that, it is easy to guess his feelings—and his words.

Petrol Punishers.

A Welsh photographer asked for a petrol Permit for his motor cycle, to carry on his business. Of course he got it not. "Needs of the State" forbid. Yet every day five German prisoners are motored past his shop to farm work—two double trips daily, 80 miles in all. Nobody seems to have the sense to camp-out the Huns and save all that petrol "for the needs of the State."

His Bit Well Done.

A racing-stableman, of 38, became a merchant seaman. After two years in the danger zone, he joined for garrison duty in Durban. Then he went with reinforcements to German East, afterwards being discharged because his leg would not stand marching. Finding a ship short-handed, back he went on her, with war stores, and thence, under orders, to Mauritius. In a tempest he was outed by a falling spar and got his leg smashed. After hospital, they sent him home—and that is all they did. There is not a penny for him, or even a ribbon!

Closed Down.

Evidently the dearth of coal is not due wholly to man shortage, or to the apparent suggestion that colliers prefer play to work. While the Prime Minister urges the men to stick to it and win the war, the Lena pit at Dunniker Colliery, owned by the Fife Coal Company, is reported as about to close down. A ton per man is a good paying pit. The Lena, employing 65 men and boys altogether, in the course of a recent week of five days produced 428 tons 16 cwt. The reason for the closing of this pit is said to be the cost of cartage; a clear case of wheel or woe.

Thieves in the Temple.

Thieves and profiteers there are, even in the Holy Temple. A King's Lynn girl arranged to marry a soldier four months ago. The Marriage Licence was bought, price £2 12s. 6d.; then Foch went on the push, and the soldier found he could not obtain leave. Now he wishes to come home to marry, but is told the Licence has run out, and he has to submit to being bled for another £2 12s. 6d. Instead of a fresh Licence being issued for nothing, or at a merely nominal figure, the Church steps in and grabs another £2 12s. 6d. from the man who has had nothing for value.

Notes from Newcastle.

The Director of Education at Newcastle, Mr. Percival Sharp, has had his salary raised by the Education Committee from £850 to £1,000, dating back from April 1st, and thence by annual increments of £50 to £1,200. By the same Committee, Lieut. J. Davison, a former Newcastle teacher, who has fought and suffered for his country, has been voted his salary for two months (*less his pension at 30s. a week*), while he is recuperating from shell shock and neurasthenia after discharge from the Army. Likewise the local evening-school teachers, having had the audacity to ask for sixpence-a-night more, have been scorned with many scorns and whipped with many scorpions.

Don't You Pay!

Yes, we should think that the action of the National Amalgamated Furnishing Trades Association, Central Branch, City Road, E.C., in levying twice as much on men working in aircraft shops who did not strike as on those who did, and for twice the period, is clearly illegal. It is in the nature of a fine for having continued to work. Now, whatever your opinion of this or any other strike, that sort of thing won't do.

Coals to Newcastle.

Hay is obtained from the fields round Shoeburyness. There are military horses round Shoeburyness. Therefore the military horses at Shoeburyness get the Shoeburyness hay? Not a bit of it! That's not the official style. They send the hay away to places like King's Lynn, and they send hay from places like Witham and Fairlop to Shoeburyness. Keeps people busy, don't you know! And uses up the spare petrol.

Fifty and Forty.

This is the heart-cry of a man over 50. He has been called for medical examination, graded, and expects to be summoned for military service. But he knows a number of strong men over 40—very little over—who, because they are paid to do four hours' work nightly at Cox's Bank, have never been examined at all and are not likely to be. They carry on their daily avocation, and are free to smile while old grey-heads shoulder the rifle.

The Kind P. O.

She was a "Hello! Girl" on the East Coast. During her compulsory holiday she got married. Not having told the Post Office all about it, she did not receive any dowry. She got the sack instead. But they permitted her to remain as a temporary helloist. Then they wanted her to leave her home and become a "temporary" in a town nine miles away. As she could not do so, she had to leave, a demand being made for refund of pay during her holiday. This girl has gone to work on raid nights, walking while shrapnel fell, for 6d. an hour "overtime." It seems pretty mean treatment.

The "Ayr" Dresser.

There is at Ayr a British hairdresser. There are three other hairdressers in the Royal Burgh, also British—according to law. "Naturalised Aliens," a correspondent calls them. Even so, their interests must be protected. And the Powers that Be intend that they *shall* be protected. So that our all-British barber must not extend his premises, in spite of the fact that he is much cramped for room, lest by so doing he curtail the business of his rivals—though we understand that, rather than go to these aliens, numerous citizens and country people go to Glasgow and elsewhere.

The Seaside Tobacco Shop.

Being well under the influence of the operations of the big concerns, the Tobacco Control has never tried to understand or satisfy the needs of the little ones. It has notified that if stocks permit the little shop may take the same quantities of tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes from the manufacturers and wholesalers, in the proportion of 1-12th a month, as in 1916. In a seaside resort it is obvious that the small retailer must do the bulk of his trade, perhaps three-quarters of it, in the "season"—say, three months. What he should be allowed to do is to take out his quantity on the monthly average of the year, month by month.

Catastrophic.

A lady of Lifton not only wishes us to advocate a half-crown tax on cats, but also a tax on "The Chestnuts," and houses of such fanciful kind whose tenants are unwilling to put a number on the door to identify the abodes of luxury they are alleged to be. Silence is golden. A lot of our readers own cats and live at "The Chestnuts."

Hungry in Hospital.

Confirmation comes in a strange way to support our recorded opinion that soldiers in hospital are sometimes underfed. At Portsmouth, a baker was fined for selling bread that was new. The point is that he sold twelve loaves to two soldier patients from Hilsea Hospital. They came to his door at midnight, hungry, and took the bread away in a bolster-case. Men would not spend their scanty money in that way if they had the food to which they are pre-eminently entitled.

In the Net.

Horribly hard hearts beat in the stony bosoms of some of the Yarmouth masters who employ women in net-making. The pay they give is one farthing per net of 60 meshes, lacing-up the net being thrown in for the money. Sometimes the women, by working all day, can earn 7s. in a week, but that means raw finger-ends. In peace time the pay would be more, and it would be men's work. It is indeed a shocking case of white slavery.

Bumbledom *in Excelsis*.

The Bumbles of Ashby must have had a lovely time the other day when, in their Board Room, they discussed the question whether the artificial eye which they had voted to a workhouse inmate should belong to the inmate or remain the property of the Guardians. "By eight votes to seven," declares the faithful reporter, "the decision was in favour of the Guardians." When the inmate has his half-day out, it is conjectured that the Board will disinsert said eye for fear the inmate pawns it for half a pint of half-and-half.

L. G. O. C.

The London General Omnibus Company, advertising for conductors, requiring ineligibles over 20, acts cavalierly to applicants. A discharged man called at the office, and filled up a form. Next day he saw the Superintendent and answered simple problems in arithmetic. Next day he had to see the doctor, waited an hour, and was put through a more severe test than Army doctors impose. Out of 20 men, he was not one of the four passed. Why make a man waste three mornings, and why set him tests which would render him eligible for the Army if he could pass them?

"What a Scout!"

Reading in his Scout paper that lads were required as helps for the flax harvest, a lad of 15 went to Norwich and joined a detachment going from there. His mother packed his kit-bag and paid his fare to Norwich. Soon he was speeding away into the country, to put in three weeks' work under healthy and happy conditions. He had been working just over a week, when he was "called out from the camp and told to return home"—a nine hours' journey—because *he had not obtained permission from his local Scout Master to do this work.* Harvests may go hang, a mother's purse-strings strained to breaking-point, but—the dignity of a Scout Master must be upheld.

In Windsor Forest.

The wood-cutters in Windsor Forest have for a long time laboured hard for small money. They work on Sundays and holidays, with no extra remuneration. As it is summer-time, they put in ten hours every day, and all they are paid for a full week is 37s. 8d. It seems niggardly remuneration for the sweat of a man's brow in the Royal domain of Windsor.

Cruelty to the Crippled.

A Pentonville woman, the wife of an ex-soldier who has now but one leg, paints this shameful picture:—"After working 11 hours it is murder for him—and other poor boys like him—to get a ride home. They have either to get knocked down or walk. When it rains, I sit up all night to dry his clothes." From our own observations, we know the truth of that. Conductresses are kind to the cripples, so are working people. But folk well-dressed enough to know better push them away.

Same Old Story.

A medical reader of Penge relates it. When the Government began shouting for lighting economy, he considerably reduced his unit consumption. As a reward, the local Electric Lighting Company sent him a bill for a minimum charge of 10s. "My point is this," says our friend. "Why should an economy carried out conscientiously and entailing hardship be entirely in favour of the Company when it is done upon official request?" But the Government and the Law permit the robbery, and there, so far, an end.

Beating the Enemy at Home.

The Government asks British subjects to do all in their power to capture German trade, so a certain firm ordered a small planing machine for manufacturing toys out of waste wood. On making application to the Ministry of Munitions to release the machinery, the authorities refused to do so. Funny, isn't it?

"Conchying" Made Easy.

John S. Toscenil is a good young man. But, though his business references are unexceptionable, he will not get the job of stationery assistant for which he recently applied to a well-known firm. For he wrote from "The Work Centre, Wakefield," and the head of the firm he addressed, having sons in France and several valued old employees having fallen on the field, has no taste for "Conchies." But why should such spineless creatures be allowed to insult patriotic people in this way after serving twelve months of their just sentences?

The Meat and the Eat.

The proprietor of a Stores in Gateshead wants us to kick Mr. Clynes or somebody in the Ministry of Food "because," says he, "under threat of our certificates being cancelled and our customers transferred, etc., we are to be compelled to sell at 1s. 8d. a pound meat that the people cannot eat." Incidentally, it may be pointed out that a lot of other shopkeepers seem to be selling fish for which nobody can wish. There is not much conscience in a Meat Trust, anyway, as they have recently revealed in New York.

"The Limit."

That is to say, it is what one of our Trade Union readers calls the limit, and, indeed, it may be—till the next one. The spectacle of the Herr von Ramsaymacdonaldbacher, M.P., appealing to the Rochdale and District Trades and Labour Council for funds to help the dependents of Conchies "imprisoned or in penal settlements," arouses him to wrath and scorn. "Fancy," he says, "asking a Trade Unionist to give a subscription towards the dependents of men who are non-unionist and working blacklegs. Give the man a slop in the eye." One slop at a time.

Weekly Income Tax.

A workman reader feels the pinch of finding Income Tax as the quarter-day comes round. "Large contractors tell us," he avers, "that the presentation of the quarterly income-tax envelope is immediately followed by men changing their jobs, and the steady disorganisation of labour," whereas the men would be well content to part with the few pence weekly. Perhaps the Chancellor of the Exchequer will consider the argument and the adjustment suggested.

"Bullets" 300 "Not Out."

This week we reach the 300th consecutive "Bullets" Competition. This popular contest has thus now been running for nearly six years. To mark the occasion we are offering a First Prize of £1,000, a Second Prize of £100, and over 8,000 other valuable awards. Do not miss this remarkable opportunity.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. John Hodge, M.P., Minister of Pensions.

DEAR SIR,—I should like to call your attention to an infamous scandal. On the Local Committee of the Cresswell Branch of the Derbyshire War Pensions Committee sit two notorious Pacifists—Samuel Smith and Mrs. W. G. Moorby. Each has a Conchie son. One is still "serving" as a Conchie. The other has been released for "good conduct," and is having a gaudy time. But the presence of their parents (one of whom, Smith, is most actively seditious) on a Committee which decides how many pence are due to our heroes, is a crying shame, and an insult to the patriotic mining village of Cresswell. Out with them!

JOHN BULL.

To the Officer in Command, Estates Branch, Canadian E.F., Pembroke House, Oxford Street, W.

SIR,—It may be that I bring you no news when I speak of the strong way in which many of the men combed-out in your branch speak of those who are allowed to remain in. Young men, so they tell me, are retained; older men of long service are not only combed out, but brushed out—in one instance a sergeant, 60 years of age, who enlisted early in the war and who has been working in your branch for nearly two years, while two fit young fellows, described to me as conscientious objectors "enlisted" in England, are coddled and cushioned in their berths. Officers who have never seen service are also being carefully nursed inside. As I hear, so I write. Hoping that what I am told, sir, is not as true as it might be.

JOHN BULL.

To the Most Noble the Marquis of Bute, Isle of Bute.

MOST MAGNIFICENT,—Fuel will be scarce this winter, and some of your poor islanders will be cold. Don't you think it would be better to stop the burning of "waste" timber in the woods and let the people gather and store it? I offer it as a mere suggestion, and hope it will not frighten you. I know your heart is weak.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. David Davies, D.D., Tabernacle Baptist Church, Penarth, Wales.

REV. DOCTOR,—All decent people will feel disgust at the attempt of the Trustees of the Tabernacle to obtain an Order from the Penarth Magistrates for the ejection of Mrs. Dickens, wife of a seaman from a house which they state they "require, for their new caretaker." There was no trouble in the case about rent. While the woman's husband was on his ship dodging the Devil's submarines in the interests of the country, the holy men of the Tabernacle were doing their legal best to chuck his wife homeless into the streets. It was an intent so shameful and so shameless that, all honour to them, Messrs. J. W. Pyman and F. W. Morgan, the Magistrates, "stopped the case and declined to grant the Order, stating they thought it was an unreasonable application." You can tell your Trustees that my opinion of their unpatriotic and unconscionable conduct would be more suitably expressed on a golf links.

JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman of the Food Committee, Nottingham.

DEAR SIR,—A few days ago a field-artilleryman named Woodward called at the Food Office and presented there this certificate: "I certify that Mrs. Ada Woodward is dying of cancer of the stomach and would be benefited by white bread.—A. Bulson, M.B., B.Ch." He was informed that the certificate was not "good enough," and that the doctor must fill up a form. The doctor filled up the form, the husband took it to the office, and was told he would have to await the result. Unable to wait longer than August 11th, the woman died without the white bread. That is the bitterness to this soldier who has lost all he loved. It is not that white bread would have saved his wife, but it might have spared her at least some discomfort before she passed into her rest. In the name of mercy, and humanity, and common-sense, sir, surely you and your Committee and officials can think of something as a substitute for form-filling in such an emergency?

JOHN BULL.

To the Chief Constable, Birmingham.

DEAR SIR,—When are Det.-Sergt. Strickland, Sergt. Shipely, P.C. Byatt, and P.C. King going to appear before the Watch Committee to answer the allegation that wholesale gambling went on recently at the Ladywood Police Station? Why was P.C. Keigher dismissed the service (after 14 years) so swiftly and silently if afterwards there was to be this extraordinary delay?

JOHN BULL.

To Messrs. Vowles and Son, "Wagon and Horses" Stables, Weston-super-Mare.

CAUTIOUS SIRS,—You contracted to fetch out some wounded Tommies in wagonettes at 2s. 6d. a head—£3 15s. for the job—from the Ashcombe House V.A.D. Hospital, to "The Farm," Hewish, where they were to be entertained to tea and sports. You failed to turn up, and the Tommies waited in vain for you in the drizzle. Where did you get to? And was it a Burnham or a Cheddar trip that proved more remunerative?

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Slowman (Rhyl), Delegate, Operative Bakers' Conference, London.

SIR,—From several quarters my attention i directed to the speech you made at the Conference—stating, *inter alia*, that you would rather have a good Germhun trade-unionist than an English non-unionist. You perhaps know best whether or not you speak in this matter for the men who make the daily bread of Rhyl; evidently you don't know, or don't care, that in the course of this war against the Hun the English non-unionist bakers who have fought and bled and died on the fields of battle are to be numbered in thousands—killed by these very Germhun trade-unionists so dear to your affections. You have not, therefore, the excuse of your trade that it is better to work with the devils you know than the devils you don't. As long as trade unionism lives, all else may perish. What a creed for a British citizen!

JOHN BULL.

THE MORAL OF THE STRIKE.

MEN AND MASTERS EQUALLY MUST PLAY THE GAME.

By Charles Palmer (*Assistant Editor*).

THERE are those who are ready to condemn any form of labour dispute because we are at war, and who hold strongly that the stern arbitrament of the strike is criminal to the last degree. With this I do not wholly concur. We are at war for justice and freedom, and to deny either in the name of war is to make a mock of the very things for which we are all suffering. But it should only be as a last and bitter resort that men or women who are engaged in essential work in these times of supreme national emergency should take to themselves the grave responsibility of refusing the labour of their hands. This omnibus and tramway strike which for days paralysed the means of locomotion in London, and threatened to extend over all the country is—if I may say so, after having viewed the facts with a strong bias towards the workers—a glaring instance of the wickedness and folly of playing highwayman to the public. And what is more, it proves that Capital and Labour, employer and employed, have not yet been able to reach that attitude of mutual confidence without which there will be constant peril in the present and the darkest outlook in the coming days of peace from military wars.

I have used the term "military wars" because I see the risk of industrial wars of a prolonged and bitter character bursting upon us just at the time when we shall be anxious to reap all the blessings of peace. Now I am all in favour of equal pay for equal work, and so far as I am concerned every woman who does a man's job should be paid a man's wages. We want no exploiting of female labour, just as we will never allow the employer to exploit the man who has fought in the war and has returned to civil life with a small pension. That pension must be forgotten when he comes to sell his labour, and the employer who dares to try to pay that man less because the State has made some small recognition of its indebtedness will be asking for trouble. And there are some of us who will see that he gets it.

But in this transport dispute the fact stands out in lurid form—that the men who are members of the National Transport Workers' Federation bound themselves through their leaders to abide by the decision of the Government Committee on Production. That Committee, rightly or wrongly, gave an award against the women conductresses receiving a certain five shillings war bonus. If the Committee had decided in their favour, the masters would have been compelled to pay it; they decided against them, and the workers should have accepted the decision. There might still have been good ground for further argument and negotiation. The Government Committee might conceivably have been induced to come to a different conclusion—one in favour of the women. But that is beside the point. Without warning or consultation, there was a sudden strike; and the great passenger service by road in London was stopped, which meant that thousands of girls and women as well as men were forced to distressing inconvenience, that work was delayed, that munitions and the countless industries essential to the war were reduced in output, and that the enemy was advantaged while the Allies were put at a disadvantage.

You remember that the Huns justified some of those cruel raids on London, if for no other reason than that they stopped the 'buses and trams and so paralysed the industrial life of the city. Well, it would not surprise me if the Bolshevicks among us were not responsible for fomenting this strike, which—based, I admit, on a claim well worthy of consideration—was yet precipitated in circumstances which found the men's leaders once more ignored, and which at the moment threatened to set loose some of the worst forces operating against industrial harmony. The principle for which the men are fighting is from their standpoint a proper one. They are not really fighting for the women—they are viewing the industrial situation solely in their own interests. I do not blame them. But I do blame them for taking sides in a dispute when they had put their hands to an agreement which bound them to accept a certain definite decision. "Equal pay for equal work" is a pretty phrase. I am not quite sure that it can be adopted save in certain exceptional circumstances. It certainly involves a principle that no one will dispute, for it will be a bad day for us all—when peace reigns once more—if women by undercutting men set going a sex war in its worst form. Men are naturally averse from women getting a firm hold in the industrial life of the country. But I say quite frankly, the only way to prevent unfair employers from selecting women to the disadvantage of men is to insist that there shall be equality of pay. That will mean, when the war is over, that employers will find no inducement to retain women labour, and that the men who have risked so much will be able to return to their former employment.

But the moral of the strike is bigger and deeper than that. If we are to rebuild our commercial and industrial prosperity, Capital and Labour must learn mutual trust and confidence. And if Labour is ready to treat agreements solemnly entered into as mere "scraps of paper," then good bye to all hope of that harmony for which all of us must strive. Collective bargaining by all means; but once the bargain has been struck, stick to it. Both sides must play the game. It is only by concord in shop and factory that we can reap for master and man alike the full advantage of this world conflict.

FUNGUS GROWTHS AT WORPLESDON.

HOW LOCAL BUSYBODIES HELP TO WIN THE WAR.

Following on the heels of botalism, the pleasant village of Worplesdon, near Guildford, has been afflicted by a new and mysterious disease. We should describe it as notice-boarditis. It began on the common land of Worplesdon Manor, over which Lord Onslow appears to have certain, though limited, rights. He put up in two several places a stout pole with clinging barbed wire twining round, and at the top of it a notice board—the whole hideous structure nine or ten feet high. On the board was printed this cunning notice: "Manor of Worplesdon. The Lord of the above Manor having let the sporting rights over the common any person found unlawfully trespassing in search of game or eggs thereon will be proceeded against as the law directs." So that the wayfaring man is led to conclude that he must not walk on the common. Personally, we think that at the present time poaching is one of the minor sins. But that is beside the point. The effect of the notice—apart from the eyesore that it is—would seem to be to make the common land less of common property than it was. It was a bad example the Parish Council was not slow to follow. In one place, for instance, is the following:—*Worplesdon Parish Council. Pitch Place Village Green.*—This green is under the control of the above Council, and bye-laws relating to its management can be obtained on application to the Clerk of the Worplesdon Parish Council. Penalty for contravention of the bye-laws £5 for each offence. 4th April, 1918." That was put up outside a working carter's (discharged soldier's) cottage because he stood his cart on the common land, and when he was summoned the Bench dismissed the case!

SWEATING THE SILVER BADGER.

A SKINFLINT JOB FOR A SCOT WHO WANTS IT.

In the *Dundee Evening Telegraph* a few days ago appeared this advertisement: "Clerk, who must be a discharged soldier, required by the Joint (Disablement) Committee for Central Scotland. Salary £80. Knowledge of shorthand and typewriting necessary. Apply the Secretary, 49, Trades Lane." Now such an advertisement is, on the face of it, a disgrace. And we mean to expose the authors of it, wherever found. Not to mince words, this is unconscionable sweating. Any clerk with a knowledge of shorthand and typewriting—who is not a discharged soldier, or with even the roughest and most casual sort of luck, even if he is one, ought in these days to obtain a more remunerative job than that. A bus conductress, an ordinary school-trained flapper, a charwoman who can look after the office cat, a lobby keeper who can slam a door, or a lather boy who can chip corners off your face with a razor, can do a better stunt. As a correspondent who has taken a keen interest in the welfare and happiness of the discharged soldier and sailor puts it to us, "How the H—— can the Minister of Labour expect the Special Officer appointed by the Labour Exchange to deal with the employment of discharged men, to interview and intercede on behalf of discharged men in obtaining suitable situations at reasonable wages, when the Minister of Pensions in his own Government department actually exploits the labour of discharged men by offering a discharged soldier a little over 30s. a week to become clerk to a discharged officer on a salary of £200 per annum? Boys of 16-17 are at the present time earning from £2 5s. to £2 10s. in this town—Edinburgh. It is an absolute scandal." And this is about the first and the last term for it.

PITY THE POOR CURATE!

HOW ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONERS TREAT HIM.

With all our manifold sins and wickednesses, we have a lot of sympathy and blessing for the poor parson. This being so, we naturally do not like the way the Ecclesiastical Commissioners draw the poverty line between the parson who is beneficed and the parson who isn't. The reputation of the Clergy Pensions Institution is that of being fair all round. Except in cases of special disability, a pension of £52 a year is given to every subscribing clergyman, whether retired incumbent or curate, on attaining 65. This pension is supplemented by a benefaction of equal value from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. For the first time we learn, from the details of a case before us, that they supplement the pension of retired incumbents—clergy who have had Livings—only. On receiving his pension from the Clergy Pensions Institution, an old curate applied to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in the usual way, only to be promptly snubbed for his pains. Their supplementary pension, they said, was only for men who had held a benefice. Why this unfairness—this unjust and arbitrary discrimination against the poor curate? Not uncommonly, curates work harder in their parishes than the vicars or rectors who employ them. To bring the iron to the anvil—can it be seriously intended by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners that the work of an incumbent in a village of, say, 150 inhabitants is of deeper or wider value than that of a man who, by force of circumstances, spends long years of his life as a curate in the slum parishes of East London or Liverpool? The Ecclesiastical Commissioners, headed by the two Archbishops, are a godly throng and rich. Let them deal out even-handed justice to all the poor deserving clergy, ex-incumbents and ex-curates alike.

"BUBBLES!"

A DUBIOUS ECONOMIST.

MEANNESS TOWARDS FIGHTING MEN.

On the motion of a Mr. Livings, the Dover Town Council has decided to discontinue the make-up pay of teachers on military service as and from September 30th. The in-and-out running of the local authority on this matter is astonishing. About a year ago the Education Committee ceased paying make-up pay to khakied teachers. The Council followed suit in respect to other serving employees. Pressure was brought to bear several months later, and the payments were resumed in both cases, back pay being also made up. Now this Mr. Livings, a co-opted member, has again induced the Council to reverse its decision. Mr. Livings made it the basis of his argument that "we all ought to share alike in any hardships, and the wives of men called up for military service should not be asked to pay rates towards making up the pay of other men." It is not an argument with which we have any patience. A public authority is bound to set an example to private firms in public gratitude and justice to its employees.

But what does Mr. Livings mean when he talks about "all sharing alike in any hardships"? In what hardships of the war has *he* shared? True, he got himself appointed, or was appointed by virtue of his outstanding importance and his superlative merits, Coal Inspector and Secretary of the Fuel Committee *sans* sillary, but the halo which for a while shone round his hair in the glory of that self-sacrifice was somewhat dimmed when he appeared a week afterwards before the local Tribunal to show cause why he should not join up "to share alike in any hardships" going, and then pleaded that he had been appointed Coal Inspector for nothing a week, was therefore doing great service, and gratefully accepted at the hands of the Tribunal four months' exemption—no doubt hoping, like the baby who ate the bun, for more. Preferring to serve Dover as Coal Inspector at nothing a week to serving his country at 1s. 6d. a day, it must be clear to any worker in the precious metals that Councillor Livings is so far losing money, or, at any rate, refraining from making it. On this account, having earned his halo, he may think he has also earned the freedom of the town and a medal at the hands of his fellow-citizens.

PROSECUTION AND PERSECUTION.

SOLDIERS' WIVES AND AN IMAGINARY OFFENCE.

It seems that country policemen and Justices are a little cloudy about the law of England and the rights of the English, so that our people are being prosecuted for crimes which do not exist. The prosecutions, moreover, are often accompanied by every species of petty tyranny, especially where alleged "trespass" is concerned. On one such case we commented recently. Here is another: Two women, the wives of soldiers, and living at Linford, near Stanford-le-Hope, Essex, were going home. They came to a track through a wheat-field. No notice board was up, and as a matter of fact the track is constantly used by the people of the neighbourhood. No damage is ever done; no damage was done by the two women. They walked across. And they committed no offence under the Common Law of England. Nevertheless, that evening the police called on them to say they had been seen, and warning them not to do it again, as the owner—one, Ridgeway—wanted the practice stopped. The women promised not to repeat this, their first, "offence."

Imagine their unhappy surprise when ten days later they were summoned to appear at the Grays Police Court. They were put together in the dock, and solemnly fined 5s., being given a week to pay. Five shillings was sent in due course—whereupon the bobby called again, and said it was that sum apiece. Another five shillings was paid. And now, great heaven! a warrant has been issued for 4s. 6d. each—presumably for costs—or seven days'. The public will be concerned to know, though the Bench did not care a damn, that the women depended on their separation allowances—in one case 12s. 6d.; in the other 24s. 6d., with two boys, respectively 13 and 8 years of age, to keep. The mother of the two lads has starved herself and her children to pay the second 5s. But this last imposition is quite beyond her means. Must she and her friend go to prison for this non-existent offence? We say "non-existent" because the owner acquitted them of doing damage. It is for "trespass" these monstrous fines were inflicted. And trespass is not a punishable offence!

BOYS' BAD TIME.

DISILLUSIONED FLAX-PICKERS.

Hundreds of school boys were sent into the country flax-picking. Many went to Bures, and some of them liked their experiences very little. They were promised ten to twelve shillings a week: they got only six shillings. They worked eight hours a day, and there was no recreation. Instead of the promised tents, they slept in malt-houses, damp and overrun with rats. Eggs and bacon, or liver and bacon, their promised breakfasts, were not seen; in fact, no meals were in accordance with the inducements offered at the beginning—though, as an extra, the morning tea was frequently doped with Epsom salts. Some boys tried to run away. Two, from Westminster, came home quite ill, having undergone a bitterly unsatisfactory experience. The "camp" was under the National Service directorship, and we ask for better treatment and more competent handling of other boys anxious to help, but not expecting to be fed with parcels from home, or to be made ill through the diet and general treatment. And we are sure that Sir Auckland will see to it.

"WAACS' WORRIES."

WITH THE YANKS IN FRANCE.

British "Waacs" with the American Forces in France are much distressed over the faulty sanitary arrangements. The fact that the latrines let the water in is not much worried about, but the latrines are described as disgusting. They consist of two rows of tubs, facing one another. There is a roof and there are four walls, but there is no other privacy whatever. There is no screen of partitioning, or even a canvas screen. The place is hideously public, and the other conditions nauseating. The ablution hut is equally public. There is a board down the centre of the room, and there are basins for the girls to wash in—basins no bigger than a small pudding-bowl. As for a bath, there are some sprays fitted up, but, once more, everything is open to the eyes of all beholders, and there is no privacy beyond the blanket a girl takes with her. The "Waacs" do not expect all the comforts of a home, but they are entitled to decency.

JUSTICES' INJUSTICE.

SCALES THAT WEIGHED UNEVENLY.

Two so-called joy rides were gone into by a couple of J.P.s, sitting at Prescot, Lancs. The cads concerned were Messrs. J. Stone (Chairman) and W. J. Lucas. In the first case a man was charged with using petrol, and a Congregational minister and four members of his church were charged with aiding and abetting. The offence was committed in rather surprising circumstances, for the minister and his friends had, from three o'clock till four, been burying a member of the flock—and had then got into the car to hurry off to a match of bowls. Without reflecting on their good taste, we congratulate them on being let off with a fine of £1 apiece. The following case was in deadly contrast. A young soldier, a hospital patient suffering from dysentery and malaria contracted in German East Africa, was charged with using a car without a petrol permit or licence. He admitted taking out the car to drive from his home to meet a train at the railway station, a mile and a quarter distant. It was a hot day, and in his state of health he did not think it safe to walk. The astounding decision of the blind-eyed Bench, announced by the Chairman, was a fine of £10. When the two cases and the two decisions are compared, the contrast is a staggering one. The invalided soldier was the less guilty, but he was made to pay ten times the amount claimed from the minister and his friends of the funeral and the bowling-green. Justice, for once, seemed well-nigh venomous.

HUN PRISONERS

A Disgusting Business—Amazing Apathy

By THE EDITOR.

I PROPOSE this week to deal with a special aspect of the problem of the Hun in our midst. I refer to the amazing apathy on the part of the authorities in regard to the control of our Hun prisoners. In the majority of cases there is no effective Guard whatever, and it would be the simplest thing in the world for the prisoners to escape, if so disposed. I do not say there is any serious danger of this happening, as they are so pampered and petted that they have no desire to change their lot. That, however, is but one view of the matter. The more serious aspect of it relates to the conditions under which these men work upon the land, frequently without any control at all, and mixing with our soldiers' wives and other women. From all parts of the country the gravest scandals are reported, and I regret to learn of the alarming extent to which what we call in the colloquial sense "immorality" is rife. The remarkable thing is that Commandants, Chief Constables, and others appear utterly indifferent to the evil, and do their utmost to hush up every scandal.

Laxity at Lewes.

Let me take the case of Lewes as a fair sample. A very large number of Huns are located in this district, and I am indebted to a lady reader in the town for the revelations which have come to light as the result of her public-spirited action. She is the wife of a Canadian soldier, who joined up in 1914 and is now lying wounded in hospital. Her original complaint was that a body of German prisoners was in the habit of marching past her house daily, under an extremely loose Guard—singing their own patriotic songs, ogling the girls whom they passed, and generally making themselves offensive to the neighbourhood. Being unable to obtain any satisfaction from the authorities, she called our attention to the matter—especially when, as the result of her protests in the local Press, she gathered a variety of information which led her to suspect that what she had complained of was but one aspect of a very serious condition of affairs. I accordingly despatched one of our Special Commissioners to the district, and I will give the gist of his report. It appears that the first letter written by the lady to the Commandant of the prisoners was totally ignored; the Mayor stated that the story she had told him about the molestation of young girls "lacked confirmation," and added, "it is well to maintain an evenly-balanced mind"; whilst the Chief Constable, though admitting that the conduct of the prisoners when marching through the streets, of which complaint had been made, was "quite contrary to the Regulations," was good enough to add: "I do not think it would be advisable for you to write to the papers on the subject"! That was all the assistance our reader could get from the local authorities—whereupon she prepared a Petition "for the better control of German prisoners in Lewes," which is now being extensively signed by the residents of the town. Amongst others whose co-operation was sought was the Matron in charge of Shelley's Hospital, who intimated that she could obtain the signatures of the whole of the staff. It appears, however, that the wife of the Chief Constable has a controlling voice in the management of this institution, and when the lady called for the Petition she was told by the Matron that "no further steps could be taken, as Mrs. Lang (the wife of the Chief Constable) thought it a most injudicious thing to do." Next the co-operation of a local paper, the *Sussex County Herald*, was solicited, and a representative of that journal obtained an appointment by telephone with the Commandant for the purpose of going into the matter. On arriving at the Barracks, an Orderly was sent out to say that, on consideration, the Commandant did not think an interview would be desirable. It was in these circumstances that my representative—who has a way of his own in these matters—secured an interview with the great man—without disclosing his identity.

Our Commissioner's Report.

And here I had better let him tell his own story: "I said that the lady had made a complaint about the laxity of the treatment of the German prisoners. They continually passed her house singing, etc., and she did not like it at all. The Commandant said, 'I know they pass the house, and they will go on passing the house.' I pointed out that she had made a definite complaint, but had had no answer from him. He replied, 'Her letter has been sent on to the authorities to deal with. I simply carry out the Regulations which are made. I am sure she will hear from them in due course.' I then mentioned the fact that it was common knowledge that these prisoners were driven about the country, and stated that I had seen some myself. The Commandant replied, 'There is no question of joy riding in this at all; they have to get to their work.' I told him I thought they were too well treated, and he retorted 'We do not altogether pamper them; we try to treat them like men.' I said I did not wonder at the indignation in the neighbourhood about their easy treatment, and he replied, 'It is all according to the Regulations, which I am most careful to carry out. The proper people to see are the authorities in London. The prisoners are treated as men. They have proper rations, including tobacco, etc.' Here he pointed to the lists of food, etc., which were hanging on the wall, there being a touch of pride in his manner, suggesting that he was really glad the prisoners were so well treated. I then said that I did not think such generosity met with the approval of the inhabitants of the town. To this he replied, 'If you find fault with the treatment of the prisoners, I certainly must say I do not think the behaviour of the population is what it should be.' I pointed out that I was bringing the matter to his attention on behalf of a particular lady. He answered, 'I understand she is preparing a petition for the stricter control of the prisoners. If she goes on with it, she will get into very serious trouble.' I told him that I did not understand what he meant by this, and that I thought she had a perfect right to do it. With his suggestive remark, 'We shall see; she will hear about it,' the interview closed. I must say that I gained the impression that he realised there was laxity, and he felt there was thus a reflection on his management, which he did not want to be regarded seriously by the higher authorities."

Sneers at British Foolishness.

From the foregoing it is possible to understand the sort of thing with which one has to contend. And the same remark applies to the condition of matters as explained in the following further passages from our Commissioner's Report:—"Large parties of prisoners leave the Barracks every day for the different farms. They are, therefore, frequently seen by the inhabitants passing to and fro in the Lewes streets, and also at the station. I watched the whole proceedings carefully again and again. One English soldier was generally in charge of ten to twenty men. Sometimes he had his rifle slung on his back, and it would, of course, take him a certain amount of time to get it into action if necessary. Some of the prisoners carried heavy sticks, and I state, as a matter of fact, that if the prisoners wanted to break away, or do a Guard any harm, it would be a comparatively easy matter. On the platform the Guard frequently left them and walked twenty paces or so away to speak to a porter or somebody else, and the prisoners stood about loosely in small groups. On one or two occasions I saw them speak to English women, and in one case I walked up as quickly as I could in an endeavour to overhear the conversation, but I merely caught the end—which was the remark from the girl, 'All right, I will be there.' I spoke to one of the prisoners, and he told me he was quite satisfied with his treatment. He spoke English fluently, and adopted quite a sneering tone at British foolishness in treating him and his fellow-countrymen so well. On the arrival of the trains, the prisoners are inclined to straggle out of them all over the place, and go up the steps and the slope in the very free and easy fashion already mentioned. In fact, it may be said that on many occasions they intermingle with the civilian population." My representative next turned his particular attention to the farms on which these German prisoners are employed. "On the farms," says he, "I saw young English boys of fourteen and old men of seventy and more, in charge, on behalf of the farmers, of groups of hefty German prisoners. I saw the prisoners walking about the country lanes with no trace of

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any Guard, military or civilian, at all. They ogle the girls over the hedges, and are quite familiar with them in every way. These women are the villagers, and some of them are married—but this makes no difference. The prisoners are handsome men for the most part, and they soon get round the women. At Cooksbridge the villagers now lock their doors, owing to the presence of these prisoners—a thing they never used to do in the past. I obtained a few words with one of the leading tradesmen of Lewes, who told me that he voiced the general sentiment when he said that he was disgusted at the laxity with which the prisoners are treated, and with the fact that the authorities seem to regard the farmers who employ the prisoners as being responsible for their proper behaviour. And I can quite understand that this is so. Another local lady told me that one day she was with a friend at Kingston, where some of the prisoners work, and over the hedge they saw one of the men talking, laughing and touching a village woman in a most familiar manner. My informant is the wife of an officer, and she felt that she must do something in the matter. She, therefore, approached the Commandant at once, and he seemed to think that she should supply all details, with names, etc. She felt, however, that the authorities should make the inquiries, and told them so. She was informed that unless further details were given, nothing could be done. I accept this story without any reserve at all, as it was most circumstantial, and the lady has a very good position and reputation. I personally saw one of the prisoners behind a hedge in the fields locked in the arms of a woman who had a wedding ring on. These incidents are two I can vouch for, but there are many other similar stories current, and, seeing the great laxity everywhere, I can believe that everything I have heard is true. I have myself seen prisoners in dogcarts and other vehicles about the roads, and in one case a brake, with a single British Guard marching behind. From my personal observation I cannot say that the prisoners work very hard. In one field, at Falmer, I saw three of them and one Englishman. The Englishman was working quite as hard as the three prisoners put together. When I went to interview the Commandant I saw a German working in the garden, or, rather, pretending to work, and no one remonstrated with him at all. Some of the Guards I spoke to even complained that their rations are less than those of the prisoners."

A Skipton Scandal.

So much for Lewes. I will take another case at random—this time in the Skipton district, where a number of German prisoners are employed at the lime quarries of John Delaney, Ltd., at Grassington. These men are, apparently, allowed full freedom and liberty, simply having to answer a roll-call at 9 at night, and then being able to go where they like without any kind of Guard. At least one case of a young English girl being compromised has come to my knowledge, and there are rumours of several more. The men seem to "down tools" at their own sweet will, and have plenty of money to spend; whilst, as regards food, they are allowed the extra rations to compensate them for the wear and tear in the heavy toil they are supposed to do! It is no uncommon sight to see them sitting at the hedgeside with village lasses, and even hanging about in the local public-houses, free from any kind of supervision. Explosives are being constantly used at the quarries for blasting purposes! I have taken considerable trouble to verify the facts of this case—and they are confirmed by persons of position in the district. Isn't it amazing that the authorities should be so apathetic? What can be the explanation? Can you wonder that people talk about the "Hidden Hand"? And it will be interesting to know what these prisoners themselves think about our sloppy sentimentalism. There is, of course, no excuse for weak-minded hysterical girls who have fallen victims to the sinister designs of these fellows—although in some cases which have come to my knowledge I have been surprised to receive the explanation that their pity had, to a large extent, been aroused by pacifist parsons and others who are constantly preaching the doctrine of loving our enemies and treating Germans as our brothers. And pity, as we know, is supposed to be akin to love!

A Cole Green Case.

Here is a case from Cole Green, near Hertford. The men are allowed the greatest freedom, and seem to go wherever they like, without any Guard at all. They mix with the land girls, and there are already ugly rumours of the consequences. My Commissioner recently met several of the prisoners walking about the country lanes—strong, burly fellows, well-fed and clad, and looking the picture of health. And just near Hertford Station a large factory has recently been burnt down! And there are aerodromes in the adjacent country! And then there is the famous Hill in the neighbourhood, commanding a wonderful view of the whole of the surrounding valley! The Germans are allowed to walk across part of the estate on which the camp is situated, on their way to work; but—would you believe it?—the Guards are not permitted to do so, in case they might be tempted to poach! And so I could go on quoting case after case—showing that whilst our own men are being tortured and starved in many a German camp, these bestial Huns—some of whom, for aught we know, have been guilty of the vilest crimes and outrages—are being treated as spoilt children. When shall we wake up to the fact that we are at war, and at war with the cruellest and most merciless enemy the world has ever known? How they must be laughing at us! If I had my way, they would be laughing on the other side of their faces. They should be subjected to the strictest military discipline, and should be made clearly to understand that they *are* prisoners of war and not our honoured guests. I am not enamoured of the creation of more new Ministries; but, on my word, when I think the matter over I am disposed to advocate a War Prisoners' Ministry—and, by Jingo, shouldn't I like to have that office!

Other Instances.

Have you heard the story of the daring attempt at escape of two German prisoners interned at Catterick Camp? They commandeered an aeroplane at an adjacent 'drome, and were just in the act of getting away when, owing to engine trouble, their departure was delayed and they were identified. They were fully dressed as officers of the Royal Flying Corps, and had entered the aerodrome with the utmost nonchalance, ordering the machine to be prepared for a flight. And take the case, to which we recently referred, of the German prisoner at the Alexandra Palace, who wrote to the sweetheart of an English soldier, asking her for money, and stating that he expected in a short time to be at liberty to further their acquaintance. I am glad to say that in this instance the War Office is evincing an active interest, and that I have readily placed at its disposal the evidence in my possession. But why continue these illustrations? It is perfectly obvious that in our treatment of Hun prisoners, as in regard to so many other aspects of the war, the Government is actuated by a false sentimentalism which is absolutely wasted. So far from having any effect upon the internment camp authorities in Germany, our methods are regarded as evidence that we have not even yet learned to grasp the realities of warfare; and the sooner the various Committees we now have sitting—and Sir George Cave, the Home Secretary—realise the truth of the situation, the better. To feed Hun prisoners, and to pay them not only better than we do our own soldiers, is an unpardonable insult to the British Army—and I call upon the Government without further delay to make these Huns understand that, whilst we tolerate their presence amongst us as a necessity of war, we regard them as an unmitigated evil, and have no desire or intention of ever allowing them to form part of the life of our people. They must fall into line with all other enemy aliens, and with the suspect "naturalised" German, and must be routed out of Britain at the earliest opportunity. Meanwhile, any who dare to abuse our hospitality, by insulting our womenfolk or otherwise, should receive most condign and exemplary punishment.

CAUGHT ON THE NEW WIRELESS 'PHONE.

WILHELM AND HIS COLONIAL SECRETARY.

Ting-a-ling! Gurrr! Pop-pop-pop-pop! B-zzz!

Fraulein, put me on to my Colonial Secretary.

Ye-ye-yes, All Highest; bu-bu-but what number?

Number! you fool woman, you! What have I to do with numbers? Connect me with Dr. Solf instantly!

Ye-ye-yes, All Highest; but I do not know his address. . . .

The Colonial Office, Berlin, you she cat! Why are you such an idiot this morning, cow?

I-I thought, All Highest, there was no longer a Colonial Office, since we have lost all our Colonies. . . .

Insane sow! It is not your business to think. Obey! . . .

Ye-ye-yes, All Highest. . . . . All Highest, you are through.

Good. Herr Doctor, is that you? The German War Lord speaking. . . . Why do you not answer? Are you deaf or dumb?

I was bowing to your Majesty before presuming to speak.

Ah, yes; of course. Quite right. Very proper on your part. At the same time, I am very cross with you—angry, enraged!

All Highest!

Yes, indeed. Your pitiful reply to the English Balfour has infuriated me. You admitted that here and there in Germany are Chauvinists and Jingoes advocating the "mailed fist" doctrine.

But, your Majesty, being unable to deny absolutely the presence of such a spirit in your councils, I thought it wiser to make that little admission. It made our pacific professions sound more genuine.

You *should* have denied it absolutely. Have you forgotten that not long since I described myself as the Prince of Peace?

No, All Highest. But neither have our enemies forgotten that in your Majesty's address to your Army of the East you said: "I am the instrument of the Most High. I am His sword, His representative. Disaster and death to those who resist my will! Disaster and death to those who do not believe in my mission."

Did I go so far as that? Well, well! That was when the military situation looked a little more promising for us. That was before America came in. But what on earth possessed you to say that we do not intend to retain Belgium in any form whatsoever? You know perfectly well that it was our intention to make Belgium a German dependency.

Yes, All Highest—*while there was any prospect of our being able to do so.* But in view of the absolute certainty of our being driven out of it, I thought it diplomacy to declare that we never had any designs upon Belgium's independence and never meant to stop there. This will enable us to retire with dignity from territory we shall be utterly unable to retain.

H'm. Perhaps you were right. At the same time, you appeared to be in a particularly pacific and conciliatory mood. What's the game?

All Highest, *anything*—any lie, any subterfuge, any hypocrisy—to obtain re-possession of our Colonies. No concession would be too great for such an end. On them our success in *the next war* depends.

Ah, that *is* a point. We must discuss this further without delay. Come round to the Palace at once.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"HULL DAILY MAIL":—
"All our pride is to have proved that our sons were equal, at the pinch, to the FATHERS that BORE THEM."

"HERNE BAY PRESS":—
"The Hon. Secretary said they had NOT HAD A MEETING SINCE THE LAST ONE."

"DAILY CHRONICLE"—
"It was one of those nights in which SCENT of flowers and of earth after rain are the only SOUNDS."

"BIRMINGHAM POST":—
"Undoubtedly the shortage of men is a serious matter for the German. . . He has lost PERMANENTLY KILLED, seriously wounded, and prisoners something in the neighbourhood of 600,000 since March."

"LINCOLNSHIRE FREE PRESS":—
"The Sutton Bridge and District Labour Party held an OPEN AIR meeting IN THE ODDFELLOWS' HALL on Sunday evening."

"SOUTHERN DAILY ECHO":—
"A hostile AERODROME and a captive balloon were BROUGHT DOWN."

"INDIA RUBBER WORLD" (New York):—
"In order to prevent the useless consumption of materials and Inspectors, A. R. SMITH, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNDERWRITERS' MAY NOT BE EXPORTED."

"KIDDERMINSTER SHUTTLE":—
"A verdict of 'suicide during temporary INSANITARY' was returned."

"NORTHERN ECHO":—
"Everyone's spirits ROSE to ZERO as the hour approached."

WHY I AM A PELMANIST.

By "SAPPER."

Author of "Sergeant Michael Cassidy," "Men, Women, and Guns," etc.

Some months ago—more out of curiosity than anything else—I took up Pelmanism. I wished to find out whether there was indeed some new and wonderful system which could transform mediocrity into brilliance, and failure into success. Plentiful advertisements assured me that if I would but follow the advice laid down by the teachers of the Pelman School there was nothing I might not hope for, from a substantial increase in the pay extracted from a stony-hearted Government to complete immunity from whizz-bangs. In view of the desirability of both these goals, I decided to join "the cult." I regarded it as a cult, in spite of all assurances from Generals, Admirals, Pillars of the Church, and other big noises in the Pelman world. I was sure there was a catch somewhere. So I borrowed the money for the course and started looking for the catch. I am still looking. . . .

Now, I do not propose to go into the question of how Pelmanism obtains its results. To attempt to do so would necessitate going into what Pelmanism is. If anybody wants to find out, let him follow my example—borrow the money and see for himself. He will never regret it.

But I do propose to say something of the state of mind induced by Pelmanism in a student who takes it up in *earnest*. For on that state of mind depends entirely his judgment of the system. On the personal result in his particular case the student will say: "This thing is bad. I would prefer a bag of nuts"; or he will say: "This thing is good. Why, in Heaven's name, didn't I do it before?" Those are the two judgments to which any new thing must be prepared to submit itself; and when it is as much advertised as Pelmanism the answer is of importance.

Now, let there be no mistake about one thing; we are discussing the student who takes it up in earnest. The man who enrols as a Pelmanist, who reads the books, and does the exercises like a parrot, and then sits down and waits for the boodle to roll in, will do a powerful lot of sitting. There is no magic word in the system; no formula which, repeated twice in the bath and once after breakfast, will produce success. There is nothing mystic about it—nothing supernatural.

What is this thing which Pelmanism teaches, and which its students wish to be taught? It is well-nigh impossible to sum up the course in a phrase; it is altogether too big a thing. And yet perhaps it can be done—more or less. Pelmanism, as I see it, teaches human nature—your own and the other man's. It deals not with Greek Iambics or the Differential Calculus, though such is its nature that it will help the student to deal with these occult mysteries, be he so minded. It just deals with you and the other man, and life as one lives it.

There is no catch in it. It is a system developed along perfectly commonsense lines, which lead to a definite goal. That goal is efficiency.

The system takes a man's thought-box and proceeds to tell the owner how he can improve it. It sends the student's brain to a mental gymnasium. It gives him concise instructions as to what he is to do, and when he carries out those instructions conscientiously he finds the system is right. He begins to realise that his mind is capable of being drilled and expanded exactly the same as his body. And, moreover, he finds that just as the fitter his body becomes the more work it can do, so the fitter his mind is the more it can accomplish. Things come easier to him; he has no difficulty in taking on more. His brain, in fact, is being drilled, and is developing accordingly.

Thus baldly—Pelmanism. The mind and brain are subject to laws, just as is the body. The teachers of this system have taken those laws—up to now the property, so to speak, of a few abstruse thinkers and philosophers—and built round them a simple, infallible method of developing a human being's efficiency. That is all; as I say, there is no catch. The work which they ask the student to do, and which the student must do, if he wishes to benefit by the course, is not long and arduous. It does not entail going back to school and poring over books. It can be done on one's way to work, when one is out for a walk, or wondering where the last one went to.

Moreover, there is another point which is worthy of note. The exercises—though only a means to an end—are in themselves interesting. There is nothing irksome or tedious in the course: nothing that the student doesn't see the object of even in the early stages of his struggles.

The results speak for themselves. From a financial point of view I personally am not qualified to speak, except to state the axiomatic truth that a man or woman whose brain is efficient must be worth more in the world market than one whose brain is untrained. And Pelmanism trains the untrained mind; that is its *raison d'être*. But from an intellectual point of view the thing can be put in a nutshell. It is not good to go through life blind; and yet thousands do so. Their brains are blind; they see and do not appreciate—they hear and do not understand. Pelmanism brings that appreciation and that understanding. Therefore it would seem worth while to Pelmanise, for it is certainly worth while to understand.

"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a synopsis of the lessons) will be sent, gratis and post free, together with a full reprint of TRUTH'S famous report on the Pelman System, and a form entitling readers of "John Bull" to the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fees, on application to the Pelman Institute, 15, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Overseas addresses:—South Africa: Club Arcade, Durban. Australia: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne. Canada: 15, Toronto Street, Toronto.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

The Song of the Shirt:—At Denmark Hill Hospital five clean shirts are issued every day to the men's wards—which means one shirt per fortnight, or half a shirt per week, for each man. We presume that this is to keep the washing bill down.

The Lost Sheep:—A man deserted from the Navy, and joined the M.T.A.S.C. in Ireland. He has been in Penge Police Station since the 28th June, and nobody seems to know him, his C.O. denying all acquaintance with the offender. He is not allowed to exercise, and he has not had a bath for three weeks! His only comfort is the Albert Medal which he received from the King. There is something wrong here, and we commend the case to the immediate attention of the War Office.

A Grouse from Bournemouth:—There are nearly two hundred officers in the Convalescent Hospital, Mont Doré, at Bournemouth. They have physical drill each day up to noon, being kept in stuffy rooms during the best part of the morning, when they might be inhaling ozone on the cliffs. They have also some nasty things to say about the rations. Now that we have mentioned the matter, we hope that the Superintendent will put on his thinking cap.

More from Netley:—The R.A.M.C. men at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley, tell us that the Part II. Orders which should be displayed prominently in the Barracks daily, are not put up on the Company notice-board, but hidden away in other departments. This deprives the men of information to which they are officially entitled, and leads to all sorts of difficulties and misunderstandings.

A Bad Spot at Blackpool:—There is a Convalescent Camp at Blackpool which contains B.I., B.II., and B.III. men. It was not considered fit for German prisoners—hence those pampered pets were sent to more comfortable quarters—and now the British Tommies who took their places are suffering from sleeping on wet sand. We hope the Camp will be condemned before the bad weather sets in.

Our Man Power:—There is much outcry concerning the shortage of labour, and the fear of coal famine and other horrible things. When will some Government official wake up to the fact that we have ten thousand men in our Command Depôts and camps who are unfit for the Army, but are well suited to vitally necessary labour? They eat fit men's rations, draw Army pay and family allowances, and are generally an unnecessary and heavy expense to the taxpayers.

An Irishman's Rise:—On the formation of the Royal Naval Air Service and Royal Flying Corps, glowing promises were made concerning pay. Now the various technical grades have been reduced a step and suffer financially. We do not wonder that the men bitterly resent this breach of faith. We ask our readers in the new force to accept this in reply to their hundreds of letters.

"JACK."

Joe Wants His Clothing:—Gunnery ratings of the R.M.L.I. tell us that they have not received clothing from Headquarters which was indented for some months ago; hence they have to purchase necessary articles out of their own pockets.

Boatmen Profiteers:—Why do not the Commanders at the various ports fix a rate to be paid to boat-owners who take our leave men from ship to shore and back? We find at several ports that as much as 5s. a man is charged for this service. It would not be amiss if Government boats for the jobs were instituted. Then the profiteers would starve.

Pension and Petty Time:—The brigat intellect responsible has ably covered up the fact that the Admiralty, having granted an increase of a penny a day on the basic rate of pension, as from the 1st October, 1917, has, so long as the war continues, taken away 1½d. per day for every year served as a Chief Petty Officer, or a penny as a Petty Officer in return for a similar sum thus granted. The "concession" will thus seem to have doubtful advantages to these men, and it is of such a nature as to aggravate the discontent which already exists in the Service in regard to pay and pension.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

The Age of the Women:—Silver Badgers who are clerks tell us that they tramp the country for work, only to find out that the banks and railway and other companies are replacing the men called up by women. It is about time for Silver Badger Associations and Federations to get a move on. Perhaps we must wait for the bulk of the men to return from the front to put matters on a proper footing.

Where is the Federation?:—A £400 a year job was offered the other day by the Neath Board of Guardians, and among the applicants were nine discharged soldiers. Before the applications were read, Mr. Ellis, of Port Talbot, proposed, and Mr. W. Jenkins, of Briton Ferry, seconded, that a Miss Benyon should be appointed, and the resolution was carried. As the job has to do with his department, we would suggest that the Registrar-General should give the matter his attention.

A Bad Man's Good Luck:—In a North London Police Court the other day, a discharged soldier was placed in the dock for refusing to conform with the conditions of a Probation Order. His Army records show that he was in a state of desertion for eight months, and was confined to barracks for nine months—but on being discharged as medically unfit was granted a sum of £7 10s., and a pension of 27s. 6d. per week. We know of many men discharged unfit, with clean defaulter sheets and fine characters, who receive a pension of 9s. per week only. We have contracted headaches through trying to understand on what principles pensions are based.

Walking the Plank:—The workers' entrance at the Technical Institute, Loughborough, in Leicestershire, is at present under repair, and in order to gain entry it is necessary to walk over a narrow plank. Among the wounded soldiers being trained there is a man with one leg, who has been threatened with dismissal because for his own safety he enters by a side door, not being able to walk the plank. It is the desire of every decent man, official and otherwise, that our wounded should be treated well and courteously, and we put it to the Superintendent of the Institute that some janitor, if he is not exceeding his duties, at least seems to be exercising a little tyranny which should be put an end to.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(*Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund."*)

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

A Crimean Veteran:—An old soldier, eighty-six years of age, without relatives, and whose sole income is the old age pension and small donations from a friend: took his discharge from the Service before his time had expired in order to be with his dying wife, thereby forfeiting his pension. His appeal fell on sympathetic ears.

A Shell-Shock Case:—The physical condition of an ex-soldier has prevented him following his employment. He has a wife and child, who were about to be evicted from their lodgings when our timely assistance prevented this dire catastrophe.

A Long-standing Debt:—The wife of an ex-soldier had the misfortune to lose her little boy some time ago. During his illness she received no extra allowance from any source, so she wrote us for help to pay off the debt, and relieve her of the worry it had caused her.

The Rent Question Again:—Lengthy illness, and the sickness also of her little son, exhausted all the resources of a soldier's wife. There was a couple of months' rent unpaid.

Poor Little Bairns:—A soldier, home on special leave, called on us in a very distressed state of mind. He had just visited his wife in hospital, where she lies suffering from double pneumonia. She leaves five children at home, and they are having a very rough time, and are ill-clad. The man is not in credit with his regiment.

Something Wrong:—A broken-down ex-Service man, with wounds still unhealed, came to us. He is existing on a pension of 11s. a week, and has no other means whatever until he is in a fit state to work.

Our Soldiers' Kiddies:—Our readers have been so generous in the past that we venture to appeal to them again. We have before us many letters asking for baby clothes, for which the demand is almost invariably urgent, although we have been able to send out many parcels which have been greatly appreciated.

Other Cases Helped:—
Soldier's wife, unable to work, cannot make allowance supply the needs of her five children.
Urgent assistance required to meet rates, which are much overdue, owing to sickness.
Soldier's child, mother ill, was lying awaiting a parish funeral. We prevented this degradation.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN?

E. R. T. (Sussex), £10; "Arawa," 5s.; P. M. A., 10s.; "Regular Reader of 'J.B.,'" 1s.; Mrs. M. A. (Selby), 2s.; L. W. I.; "A Scot," 8s.; "Poor Grimbarian," 10s.; E. I., 1s.; I. G. (Cumberland), 6d.; G. D. T., 4d.; M. F., 1s. 6d.; F. J. M., 9d.; B. S. M., 2s. 6d.; "Little Edmund," 2s. 6d.; Pte. E. C., 2s.; C. C. (Bengal), £1; "Melrose," 5s.; "Eat's Eve," 1s.; Sapper E. H. H. (B.E.F.), 5s.; W. H. C. (Athlone), 2s.; "A Sympathetic Washwoman," 10s.; "Scottie" (H.M.S. *Wallington*), 8s. 6d.; "A Round-Up" (H.M.S. *Wallington*), 8s. 4d.; Stoker W. L. E., 10s.; Mrs. I. D. (Hunstanton), £1 1s.; Sections 4 and 5, 30th British Divisional M.T. Coys., £1 5s.; "Rahel," 4s. 6d.; C. K. L. (Crieff wood), 5s.; A. F. Y. (Norwich), 1s.; P. F. P., 6d.; "Snaw" (B.E.F.), 6d.; "A Soldier" (Westgate), 3s. 5d.; M. R. (Glasgow), 1s.; A. H. (Currog), 1s.; Mrs. F. A. (Blackwater), 5s.; Collection, H.M.T. *Nyal* (per E. B.), £1 5s.; W. A. W., 5s.; "A Jolly Bull Reader, and Admirer," 10s.; Sergt. A. W. (B.E.F.), 2s. 5d.; G. W. C. (Hull), 10s.; Mrs. F. S. B. (Pretoria), 5s.; R. L. (c.s. *Ethel*), 2s. 6d.; Weekly Collection C.P.S., Royal Arsenal, Woolwich (per A. E. S.), £1; "Dickie" (Dundee), 5s.; Mrs. M. E. W. (Heaton), 2s. 6d.; Gnr. W. M. (B.E.F.), 1s. 4d.; "Chikko" (Johannesburg), 8s.; J. A., 5s.; W. N. S., 3s. 6d.; W. B. (Staines), 2s. 6d.; "God Bless the Fund," 2s. 6d.; M. E. S. (Cressington), 10s.; C. T. B. (Poplar), 10s.; "A Soldier's Widow," 7s. 6d.; "Huguenot," 12s. 6d.; "Boreham Lass" 1s.; "In Thankfulness," 2s. 6d.; Pte. C. D., 2s. 6d.; Miss W. M. (Hamilton), 2s.; Mrs. D. B., 1s.; Pte. Y. (B.E.F.), 2s. 10d.; Whaler's Crew, H.M.S. *Royalist* (per A. B.), 7s. 6d.; I. K., 2s. 6d.; W. M., 1s.; H. H. (Letterston), 2s. 6d.; "Babs," £2 2s.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; Mrs. E. J. B. (Wembley), 1s.; Mrs. D. V. (Limehouse), 3s. 6d.; J. S. P. (Canterbury), 5s. 6d.; Messrs. R. and Co., £1 1s.; "Holiday Prize," 2s. 6d.; "Hebburnite," 5s.; J. O. (Belfast) 5s.; "Gratitude," £2; A. S. (Ewhurst), 6d.; M. E. T. (Amersham), 2s.; K. H. (Swanley), 1s.; R.N.A.S., 2s.; "Pacifist? Ugh!" 10s.; "Clara," 3s.; A. E. M. (Westminster), 1s.; Pte. G. M. W. (B.E.F.), 1s. 3d.; Mrs. M. O. (Worstead), 2s.; W. L. O'K. (Cardiff), 5s.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

L.-CPL. J. L. (Hosp., Chippenham).—"The boys out there fear you will give your job up as hopeless." Not a bit, lad. We are just getting our second wind.

MRS. G. B. (Harwich).—You will have seen our appeal regarding insufficient allowances for soldiers' wives and children, just as you asked in your eloquent letter.

G. McG. (Wallsend).—We cannot undertake to start a religious weekly, even to give "much-needed help to sacred poets of to-day." You are an earnest seeker after Truth, and will find it in these pages.

F. T. P. (Weston).—"For goodness' sake write one of your splendid Open Letters to that damned fool, Lord Lansdowne." Why, if he is already damned?

"LATE 5TH BATT." (R.F.A.).—"Do you ever think of the enormous amount of money wasted on drink?" Certainly; also on food and gas. If we never spent anything except on what was strictly essential, we should all be misers or millionaires.

"OBSERVER" (Egremont) thinks the newspaper accounts of the British aeroplane flying to Egypt gave the game away in Berlin. The Berliners are certainly now getting dug-outs ready.

J. M. (Stoke Newington).—"In the event of an Air Raid (and a Tenant living in a Top Flat)? Could the Lower Tenants refuse admission for shelter at such a time?" They *could*: but they would thereby prove themselves "lower" tenants in every sense of the word.

F. K. (Manchester).—It's an insult to postmen for their Federation to send a man to lecture them on "Peace by Negotiation." Russia's had some.

"ONE OF THE BOYS" (Holloway).—"God Save Bottomley!" Is that a quotation from the new National Anthem?

MISS D. (Littledean).—Agree with you that munitions strikers prolong the war, and, in fact, though perhaps not always in intent, are traitors.

S. H. (Brockley).—"I agree with a great deal I read in your paper." Make up your mind to swallow the lot and you will find it agree with you.

A. H. W. (Shrewsbury).—"There are still some pre-war sweaters about." If Tommy and Jack are wide awake when the war is over, they will make the pre-war sweater sweat.

F. R. (Bedale).—We have not passed on your letter anent "Naval Rewards" to the *Times*, because—well, we prefer that you should post your letters to the *Times* yourself. However, we agree that all who were engaged in the Naval attack on Zeebrugge deserve the Victoria Cross.

"ZUID AFRIKA" (Woking).—"I wish England's best paper more success than it has already attained." Glad to say your wish is gratified weekly.

C. H. B. (Manchester).—You are doing a good work in circulating your leaflet on "The Insanity of Germany," for we British are prone to forget, to our own undoing, the bellicose bestiality inherent in the Huns.

R. F. M. (H.M.T. *George Borthwick*).—It is, alas, true that comparatively recently certain fanatical Irishmen were guilty of the atrocious crime of cutting off cows' tails as a sort of political protest. Sounds almost like a story of Hun brutality, doesn't it?

J. R. D. (Coventry).—Deeply sympathise with you and your son, who could not get leave to see his dying mother until too late. A deplorable strictness, from which no one else must suffer.

R. C. (Glasgow).—Dinna greet, mon! Cassell is a good old English name, and for all we know to the contrary, is a good old Scotch one also.

"SECRETARY-TREASURER" (Toronto).—"Kitchener is still remembered in Canada as one of the greatest soldiers England ever had." We believe you.

"BURGLAR BUGGINS" (E. I. Dock Road).—"If a burglar who is only dangerous to a certain number of people goes ill, is he put on a feather bed in a private home, or——?" Depends whether the policeman gets him first, and even so, it's long odds against feathers.

"DISGUSTED" (Sheffield).—He shut his shop and went to the sea, posting a notice to customers:—"For your 'bacca and cigars you may all go to Hell." Anybody dealing with him now deserves the designation indicated.

G. C. (Mesopotamia).—Race-card of the Spring Meeting of the Baghdad Sporting Club, held at new Sports Ground, Baghdad, is interesting as a souvenir, and as an earnest that Tommy does not want racing stopped.

"SCOTTISH RIFLES."—"I did not think any decent newspaper would stoop so low as to print such trash as I am enclosing." We are delighted you omitted to enclose the trash.

"ONE OF THE H.B.'s." (H.M.S. *Welland*).—"How much alcohol is contained in a bottle of mineral?" Judging by the twang of a war-time whisky and soda, precious little.

"TOWNY" (Fulham).—"The following verses I have shown to many acquaintances, and all have said, send them to JOHN BULL." Your acquaintances are no true friends of yours.

"REGULAR READER."—"I am a shirt machinist. Our money is 4s. 3d. a dozen; other firms close by pay 5s." Can't you move to close by?

H. F. (Wellingboro').—"I was locked up on Saturday." We appreciate your confidence, and we won't split.

"A GRATEFUL MOTHER."—"I should like to thank the gentleman who gave my two boys tickets for Hampton Court from Lambeth Bridge. I wish their father in France could have seen them start away!" May you have other slices of luck, brave mother.

"AD VALOREM" (York Town).—"If you're wanting assistance then write to JOHN BULL. He will always advise with his best to the full; You'll find him straightforward in things that are right, He'll take down the shutters and let in the light." We thank you for the things you say; you've got the notion right away.

"JAY" (Dulwich).—Have men "sent to the R.A. Woolwich by the M. of M. to dodge the Army and take charge of departments, to pay income tax at unearned rate?" Sounds like "sark."

"ARGUE" (N.Z.E.F.).—Pop. Greater New York (1914 estimated), 7,300,000. Greater London (1911 Census), 7,251,358. If we have to answer this question many more times, we shall get what Mark Twain calls the fantods.

"W. E. XXX."—"Could you kindly inform me as to how a letter will find the manager of the Cannock Chase Railway?" Nicely, thank you.

"L.-CPL." (Mansfield).—We have read your lunatic note. What's the game? Are you trying to provide evidence of insanity, with a view to your discharge from the Army?

"A PENGUIN" (Shepherd's Bush).—"As soon as a girl dons the Penguin uniform . . . she is immediately looked down upon." Very likely, dearie, by admiring young men on the top of trams and omnibuses.

A. G. (Leith) offers us "the sole world rights for producing his picture play" for "250,000-0-0, cash—I might say it would be waste of time beating about the bush." It would. The deal is off.

T. H. S. (S. Shields).—"I am a spiritualist medium and also am an automatic writer." Your writing *does* look as though done automatically—say, by a marionette with a meat-skewer.

L.-CPL. C. D. (Salonique).—"Man on canal barge holds on to bridge. He steps, and barge passes under him. Is he marking time or marching?" In answer to one more leg-pull, we rule he is tangoing a two-step.

MRS. O'C. (Dundalk, Ireland).—"The week is long till I get JOHN BULL. . . . I would rather miss my dinner." Well, food for thought is also filling at times.

MRS. E. W. (Deptford).—". . . and called me a rotten old cat. If much more *I* shall lose my patience. . . ." Don't lose your temper, that's all. Try a summons for incivility.

"WELSHMAN" (Wales).—Mr. Lloyd George is not a "University man," though he is not without complimentary University degrees.

PTE. P. R. J. (B.E.F.).—Nobody writing us an ordinary letter need enclose a shilling postal order. That is only for one of the inquiries specified in the notice at the top of this page.

M. B. (L'pool).—"Being one of the inferior sex—woman." You said that. We didn't.

W. S. (Anerley).—If the laundries keep charging more for washing our shirts, we shall have to revert to fig leaves and have a new costume weekly.

F. J. (Hereford).—"There is a manager here; rumour says he is a German. Is it possible for you to find out?" You being on the spot, have the better chance to sniff him out. Besides sniffing, cuss the Kaiser while he's by.

J. W. (Westwick).—If you have had war bonus, don't see why it should be stopped. Perhaps the farmer thinks the war's stopped.

SAPPER E. A. T. (Sig. Co., R.E.).—"A shop window notice 'Somewhere in France': 'Fresch Fisch.'" Hope it keeps fresh for quite a spell. The best to the boysches!

"MUSSELBOROUGH" (Scotland).—"All de worl' am sad an' weary, With the bull's eye out of range; Oh Johnnie, how ma heart grows weary, Waitin' for ma luck to change." While there's life there's hope.

MISS J. T. (Binton).—"At the present time I am very short of paper." So you write us only four big sheets full! For the first (and only) time we appreciate the shortage.

"DE WET" (Cardiff).—If we were to publish your "dream," we should in all probability have a rude awakening in the shape of an action for libel.

PTE. W. J. T. (B.E.F., France).—"I, a plain soul, started years ago upon a great journey. I set out to find my True Self." Pretty slow travelling, apparently. But there, travelling nowadays s'awful, isn't it?

C. H. ("Somewhere in France").—Thanks for sending us the JOHN BULL Fountain Pen taken from a German prisoner, who had looted it from one of our wounded. And he had misused it, the brute!

J. W. (Bedworth).—"If you approve of my letter being published in your paper, would you kindly recompense me for the same?" We would if we did, but we won't as we don't.

C. M. (Canonbury).—James D. Mankelow, "Enterprise Specialist," Prittlewell, advertises "I teach by post ways and means to make money." Keep yours in your pocket, or he'll make some.

"COWBOY" (Swansea).—"I wrote to you asking the price of a revolver and where could I get one. In answer I got a joke." You were lucky. Smile, and you won't want a gun.

W. B. (Barnsley).—Geelong publican's ad.: "Parties drinking more than four glasses of this potent beverage at one sitting sent home gratis, in a wheelbarrow if required." This must have been before the war.

"AN EX-SOLDIER."—A barber in Waterloo Road gave you a 6d. hair-cut, wanted you to buy indecent articles, and gave no change out of a 2s. piece. Sweeney Todd, "the Demon Barber of Fleet Street," evidently has a new address.

H. B. E. (Brighton).—"This paper must interest you—the contents, I mean. It was round my Sunday joint." The *contents* might have interested us, had you sent them.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

Our New Safety Model

As sold at 15/-

Price with 1 coupon 5/6

You may send coupons to the value of 1/- and P.O. for 4/6 By Post 1½d. extra

This Pen can safely be carried in any position without fear of leakage. When closed for the pocket the nib section is drawn into the ink barrel. An ideal pen for travelling purposes.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Aug. 31st, 1918.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

THE INDUSTRIAL AWAKENING.

A New Conception of Captaincy.

From the commencement of the industrial era many captains of industry have had a somewhat limited vision of what constitutes permanent prosperity, and the wheels of commercial evolution turn so slowly that only a few business men realise that Britain's producing powers are in direct relation to the health, happiness, and active co-operation of the workers.

Enlightened employers now realise that through efficient organisation labour can be led—not driven; guided—not coerced; encouraged—not disheartened; and wise leaders who are sufficiently strong to take their workers into their confidence on the matters which affect the whole business find a ready response. It has been proved that in their proper performance of duty there can be no drudgery.

Quite a remarkable instance of mutual co-operation and the phenomenal progress that follows was recently exemplified in the midsummer mass meeting of the Watford Manufacturing Company, Limited, at which the announcement that Lord Leverhulme had taken a large financial and personal interest in the company was officially conveyed to the employees, numbering upwards of a thousand. Lord Leverhulme had been attracted, not by the prospect of financial gain alone, but by the personality of Mr. G. Havinden, the managing director of the Watford Manufacturing Co., Ltd., whose inspiration infused a soul into the cold and machine-like methods so often permeating large industrial concerns.

By government through committees and the introduction of a works council, the business was democratised, the whole staff sharing in its management. Education and recreation of mind and body, and all that makes for social enlightenment and good citizenship, is encouraged.

It is because the industrial army at Delectaland responds so generously to Mr. Havinden's leadership that they reap the reward of their labours, and the public throughout the world benefits by the progress obtained, which is reflected in the ever-increasing popularity of Delecta Chocolate, Boisseliers Bon-bons, Vi-Cocoa, and Freemans Custard, Glass Lemon, Turtlekon, and other food products.

All the interesting phases of his new conception of true captaincy and its development, promoting Britain's supremacy in the world of commerce, are dealt with month by month in the Delecta Magazine, which should be read by all concerned with commercial reconstruction.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA

FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

Chief Office: 57, ANDREW STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

CLAIMS PAID £13,000,000
INVESTED IN WAR LOAN £2,000,000
AMOUNT PAID IN WAR CLAIMS NEARLY ... £600,000

Life and Endowment Assurances at Popular Rates.
LIVERPOOL VICTORIA APPROVED SOCIETY.
Our numerous Branch Offices and Agents throughout the Kingdom transact National Health Insurance.
ARTHUR HENRI, Secretary.

MOUTH-ORGANS are unobtainable, but a new patent pocket Wind Instrument.
THE CHELLA-PHONE
may be had by return post from the sole maker, R. FIELD, Lockwood Road, Huddersfield. Post free 1/1½ each or 12/- per dozen.

HAWLEY'S
YORKSHIRE PUDDING POWDER
Betters your Batter.

You know to what a great extent the success of your fritters, pancakes, Yorkshire Puddings, etc., depends upon the batter. Follow the example of millions of women who have long given up the use of eggs and *better your batter* by using Hawley's Yorkshire Pudding Powder—at one-sixth the cost. To avoid disappointment insist upon the name—*HAWLEY'S.*

Ask for the 1½d. packet, which substitutes two eggs.

Sole Manufacturers:
H. B. & R. HAWLEY, Ltd.,
Food Mills, Shipley, Yorks.

A £30,000 BOOK.

THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

For two**PENCE** a day you can possess one of the most beautiful and fascinating fine art books ever published. This book is "**THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD,**" the marvels of nature and man as they exist to-day. Never before has such a wonderful idea been brought to such perfection. Here you have over 1,000 beautiful pictures, selected from nearly 1,000,000 and 28 beautiful coloured plates, showing the world's most wonderful sights, with letterpress written by the most famous travellers.

The photographs took over five years to collect and come from all parts of the World. The two large handsome Volumes are printed throughout on the finest quality art paper and are beautifully bound in half morocco leather elaborately gilded. "The Wonders of the World" has been translated into almost every European language, and about a quarter of a million copies have been sold—a fine testimony as to its great fascination. It is a standard work for every home. Write to-day, enclosing 6 penny stamps to cover postage, and we will send you **FREE** the first 40 pages and a coloured plate printed on art paper worth 1s. IT IS SURE TO PLEASE YOU.

THE STANDARD ART BOOK CO., LTD., (Dept. 99), 32, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

THE BEST NEW NOVELS.

CAPTAIN DIEPPE (3rd Edn.) 6/- net. Anthony Hope
SIMPSON of SHELLS (2nd Edn.) 6/- net. William Hewlett
THE GREEN JACKET (2nd Edn.) 6/- net. Jennette Lee
THE WEDDING GOWN of "OLE MISS" 6/- net. (2nd Edn.) Gertrude Griffiths

CLAYMORE! CLAYMORE! "If anyone wants a good friend in holiday time we advise him to pack 'Claymore' in his travelling bag."—ILL. LONDON NEWS

A Good First Historical Novel of the '45 Rebellion

CLAYMORE! CLAYMORE! "Rapid action, a sense of drama, and striking love interest carry the tale to a happy ending."—EVENING NEWS.

By A. BOWDEN-SMITH. 6/- net.

SUNNY SLOPES (*Ready Shortly*) Ethel Hueston

London: SKEFFINGTON & SON, Ltd., 34, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.2. *Publishers to H.M. the King.*

SKIN TROUBLE?
Send for our Trial Bottle FREE!

SKIN SUFFERERS.—Send to-day for a trial bottle absolutely free of the wonderful new skin discovery.

D.D.D. Prescription

A liquid wash containing a most powerful element that sinks into the pores and gives INSTANT RELIEF in all cases of **ECZEMA, BAD LEG, RINGWORM, INSECT BITES, AND ALL SKIN TROUBLES.** Cures speedily, permanently. Kills and throws off the disease germs deeply buried in the skin. Cure begins with the very first application of this wonderful wash. **Send to-day for the free trial bottle.** Will give you instant relief from all itching distress, no matter how long you have suffered, and heals far more quickly than salves or ointments.

Send no money or stamps.

D. D. D. is obtainable at 2/9, of all chemists

SEND FOR THE FREE SAMPLE TO-DAY

D.D.D. LABORATORIES,
M.N. 10. Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

SHORTHAND IN 24 HOURS

Dutton's shorthand is the simplest, high-speed system in the world. There are only 6 rules and 20 characters to learn, and the complete theory can be acquired in 24 hours. That stage reached, practice only is necessary to gain a speed of 200 words per minute. Send stamp to-day for first lesson to Dutton's Business College, Room J, Skegness.

TRY FIRST LESSON

THE DUTY OF EVERYBODY.

It is a positive duty for every one of us to exercise unusual care at the present time to keep a high standard of health, to live on a simple diet, keep good hours, and tone up our bodies to the best possible service.

We may not all fare equally well on war rations, but it is possible to select a proper diet and to tone up the digestive organs.

When the stomach lacks tone there is no quicker way to restore it than to build up the blood. A good digestion without rich red blood is impossible, and Dr Williams' pink pills offer the best way to build up the blood. As the nerves control the process of digestion, these pills are also specially valuable in stomach troubles attended with thin blood, and in nervous dyspepsia.

Much indigestion is caused by a lack of rich red blood; similarly anæmia often causes stomach weakness and indigestion.

Miss Mabel E. Long, of 64, Princes Street, Pear Tree, Derby:

"I often said I was tired of life," she stated, "but I don't say so since my cure by Dr. Williams' pink pills.

"Previously I was always weary; everything was too much trouble. Doctors said that I was bloodless, but I never seemed any better no matter how much medicine I took. My heart palpitated every time if I hurried. I had no appetite, my face and lips were a pale, unhealthy colour. Often my back and limbs ached dreadfully.

"Then mother got a supply of Dr Williams' pink pills, and after taking one box my digestion and appetite were good.

"I continued and soon could get about. Then I had quite a good colour, and felt glad to be alive. Now I never feel too tired."

Go to your dealer for Dr. Williams' pink pills but avoid sub-stitutes.

FREE—Many diet hints are contained in "What to Eat." Send a postcard for it to Offer Dept., 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

GAMAGE'S

GREAT PURCHASE of the remaining stock of
MACAURA
'PULSOCON'
HAND VIBRATORS

A Self-Massage Instrument

To be cleared at less than
ONE-SIXTH THE ORIGINAL PRICE
7/6
POST FREE.

Additional attachment for head, neck, face & ear massage, 1/- ea.

Booklet of Instructions with each Instrument.

The "Pulsocon" has proved its value in thousands of cases of
RHEUMATISM, RHEUMATIC GOUT SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURITIS, HEADACHES, certain STOMACH TROUBLES, and some forms of DEAFNESS.

In order that you may form your own opinion as to the merits of this instrument, it will be sent you post free on the understanding that you may return within three days, when your money will be refunded in full.

Please mention this paper and send cash when ordering.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd.
HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1.

SOME PERILS OF VENEREAL DISEASE.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, a responsible body recognised by the Government. President, Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents, The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D., Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E. General Secretary, Mrs A. C. Goyte, O.B.E.

THE FOLLY OF SELF-DRUGGING

Those who try to treat themselves for Syphilis or Gonorrhœa may find the disease drag on for years and years, and grave complications, perhaps threatening life itself, will almost certainly ensue. So great is the danger that the Government has passed a law suppressing quack treatment.

These two terrible diseases are among the most difficult of all to cure, and can only be successfully treated by the highest medical skill.

If they are treated at once the patient stands an excellent chance of a complete cure. *If treatment is delayed the sufferer may become a wreck for life.* Every hour is precious. Days lost in self-drugging may be paid for in years of suffering.

FREE TREATMENT.

Free treatment under conditions of secrecy, is provided by the Government in most centres. All who are infected, *or who have taken a risk of infection* should immediately go to a doctor or apply at the out-patients' department of the nearest hospital, or to the local Medical Officer of Health.

Further notes will appear shortly in this paper.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write in confidence to the Medical Secretary, N.C.C.V.D., 81 Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, for free literature or information.

AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR
INSECT BITES, STINGS AND SORE FEET,
PAIN, INFLAMMATION and POISON DRAWN OUT BY
GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT

Grasshopper is specially recommended for treating the stings of Gnats, Wasps, Bees, Mosquitoes, and other insects, as it sucks out the virus which the stings leave in the blood. Grasshopper well rubbed into Swollen or Sore Feet Draws out the Pain and Inflammation with a promptitude and effectiveness which surpass all expectation.

The swelling subsides, and it is again possible to walk without discomfort.

Sold by all Drug Stores and Chemists at 1/3 and 3/- a box, or post free from J. B. Albert, 13 Farringdon Street, London E.C. 4.

25/- LADIES' 25/-
Trench Coats
Buy a GENUINE BARGAIN.
Direct from the Manufacturers.

A Smart Coat made up in Proofed Gabardine Cloth, in various shades, FULLY CHECK LINED, with Belts and Buckles. Tailor made. High class finish.

These coats are equal in every respect to those sold by retailers at almost double the price.

Gent's, Youths' & Maids' also stocked.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR PATTERNS AND BOOKLET.

This offer is only open while our present stocks last, and orders can only be taken in rotation. Approval willingly.

Thousands of Testimonials received expressing great satisfaction with these Coats.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.
DEPT. E
53, Oxford Road, MANCHESTER.

FITZPATRICK'S
For Greatest Value in Cycle Goods. Fine New Volume, "EVERYTHING for the CYCLIST" **FREE.**
SAVES YOU MONEY.
Every possible want. No disappointments. Satisfaction Guaranteed. CYCLES (7 Days' free trial). TYRES, TUBES, all Accessories. Send postcard, H. FITZPATRICK, Dept. 52

—BURNLEY.—

'BULLETS' 1ST PRIZE £1,000

2nd PRIZE £100

3RD PRIZE £25

50 PRIZES OF 10/-

400 PRIZES OF 5/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

7,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

& 20 Holiday Prizes of £5 each

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the forty examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you. Example:—UNPLEASANT SURPRISE. Bullet:—BIGAMIST'S TWO WIVES MEET. Example:—WE ALL ENJOY. Bullet:—A SUMMER HOLIDAY. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated September 28th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 300.

WHEN FOCH COMMANDS	BOTTOMLEY'S FUTURE	WHAT AMERICA WILL DO	THE TWO WILLIES
GOOD TIME COMING	A MAN'S JOB	WHAT FRITZ FEARS	LIVELY MEETING
AUSTRIA'S FLIGHT	PLAIN SPEAKING	ALL BRITISH	OUT FOR GLORY
SICK AND SORRY	THE STRIKERS	A GOOD GENERAL	WAR SPOILS
THINKING FURIOUSLY	WHAT RUSSIA NEEDS	OUR BEER	MY SWEETHEART LIKES
MR. LEVERTON HARRIS	AFTER THE WEDDING	HIDING THE TRUTH	IN THE DARK
GERMANY'S BILL	WE ALL ENJOY	AWKWARD SQUAD	AIR RAIDS
PAMPERING THE HUN	OUR GIRLS	A BIG PRIZE	UNPLEASANT SURPRISE
WHAT PACIFISTS WANT	GOOD BUSINESS	SEASIDE LODGINGS	MY WIFE WON'T
NEEDS KICKING	TOMMY HATES	A GOOD HARVEST	THE KAISER'S FATE

No. ___ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 12th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(300) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

BE SURE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No. ___ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 12th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(300) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 300, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

No. ___ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 12th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(300) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 2/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

No. ___ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 12th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(300) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 2/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 301.

WHAT BOTTOMLEY KNOWS—EMBRACES A LOT—GERMAN GAS—SORRY HE SPOKE—HOLDING FAST—BULLETS —RUSHING IT IN—OUR SAILORS—A HOLY TERROR—AFTER A HOLIDAY—WAITING MAID—OFF THE MAP— BEST LEFT ALONE—ON LAST LEGS—HITTING HARD—THE BRITISH EMPIRE—MAKES GERMANS FLY— TOMMY'S DELIGHT—NOT VERY LIKELY—CONFOUNDING THE KAISER

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **301** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets," **No. 301,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the forty examples for competition 300.

Result of 297th "Bullets" Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £200.

Mr. D. T. LENNARD, 147, Maldon Road, Colchester.

Example:—HAD ENOUGH.

Bullet:—MANY HUN PRISONERS "TESTIFY."

(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. T. C. CHICK, 5, Banastre Avenue, Heath, Cardiff.

Example:—PEACE OFFENSIVE.

Bullet:—IT'S BETTER TO "RESIST."

(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mrs. A. NEAL, 41, Belvedere Road, Bexley Heath, Kent.

Example:—TRYING TIMES

Bullet:—FOR PESSIMISTS JUST NOW.

20 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. C. H. SAVORY, 27, Marshall St., Holbeck, Leeds: THE PRUSSIANS—"HALF" INCLINED TO QUIT.

Mr. H. G. WILLIAMS, 689, Washwood Heath Road, Birmingham: BOTTOMLEY'S AIM—WE MUSN'T "GO UNDER."

Miss M. CAMPBELL, 86, Sandrock Rd., Lewisham S.E.: BURNING HIS FINGERS—"HAND TO MOUTH" FOLLOWS.

Mr. W. JONES, 29, Acres Lane, Stalybridge: HOLIDAY TRAINS—HEAVY WITH LIGHT HEARTS.

Mr. H. G. WEBBER, Westbury, Sherborne, Dorset: OUT OF POCKET—ENGLAND—UNLESS RUSSIA "SETTLES."

Mr. C. E. WILLIS, 108, Mark Lane, London, E.C.: SLICE OF LUCK—TRIBUNALS FOR SOLICITORS.

Signaller J. H. CHAPPELL, "Parkview," Lennoxtown: IN PARLIAMENT—ALIEN QUESTIONS REQUIRE "NOTICE."

Sgt. W. R. WINDSOR, Rifle Depot, Winchester: BOTTOMLEY'S AIM—NAME THEM, SHAME THEM.

Mrs. A. GIBBS, 41, Shirley Road, Luton, Beds.: GROWING WEAKER—GERMANY'S DEMANDS, ALSO ATTACKS.

Mrs. ANGELL, "Trevelyan," Cranley Rd., Guildford: HOLIDAY TRAINS—"TROOPS" WOULD GLADLY FILL.

Mrs. G. WILSON, 15, Bothwell St., Dunfermline: MAN OF THE MOMENT—CONSIDERS TO-MORROW TO-DAY.

Mrs. A. REED, 10, Craven Park Road, London, N.W.: THE BRITISH LION—ONLY "SKINNED" BY PROFITEERS.

Mr. W. SHERRINGTON, 53, Bird Street, Ince, Wigan: PEACE OFFENSIVE—USUALLY COINCIDES WITH ALLIES'.

8291 C.-S.-M. E. MORGAN, Welsh Regt., Bishopston, Swansea: HAD ENOUGH—NOT SOLDIERS FROM IRELAND.

Mr. J. MOULTON PARRY, 46, Victoria Road, Dukinfield, Cheshire: THE BRITISH LION—ONLY IN HONOUR "BOUND."

Mr. J. V. HARDY, 10, Dale Street, Edgeley, Stockport: BOTTOMLEY'S AIM—SLAM GERMANY, THEN DOOR.

Mr. J. H. LOWDON, 66, Hazelwood Avenue, Newcastle: BURNING HIS FINGERS—AFTERWARDS "COOLING HIS HEELS."

Mr. A. E. HOLLEN, 2, Camden Street, Blackburn: MAN OF THE MOMENT—HOLDS ON—NOT FORTH.

Nurse MACFARLANE, Mold, Flintshire: HOLIDAY TRAINS—INVITING BUT NOT "ACCOMMODATING."

Mr. W. SKIFFINGTON, 86, Alwyn St., Aigburth, L'pool.; IN THE CELLAR—PACIFIST CALLS MASS MEETING.

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co., _____ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition 297 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE.

CONDITIONS.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next of kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles, and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situated outside military or naval premises, may be insured.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child), who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

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TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To.....Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Aug. 31, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent.

of.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Home address.....

Aug. 31, 1918.....

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is required.

Rail Fares Paid
Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

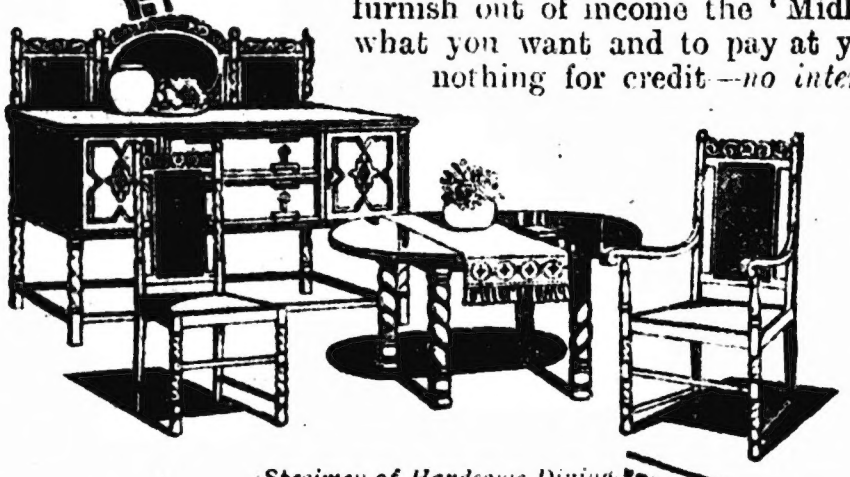
Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

"You're to be congratulated"

It's an ideal choice from every point of view. My wife and I did the same when we married; and I feel sure that when you and Phyllis go to the 'Midland' to choose your furniture you'll be as thoroughly satisfied as we were. There's not a place in the Kingdom that can touch the 'Midland' for value.

Money buys more at the 'Midland'

They give you the unrestricted choice of over £100,000 worth of really well-made furniture. Every price is marked in plain figures; and your own business experience will tell you that the 'Midland' price is the bargain price—every time. You get 10% discount for cash, and if you prefer to furnish out of income the 'Midland' Ideal Terms enable you to get just what you want and to pay at your convenience. The "Midland" charge nothing for credit—*no interest*, no extra of any sort or kind.



Specimen of Handsome Dining room Suite on Jacobean lines.

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Scrip.

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Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C. 1.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. **Sats.—9 till 1.**

Governing Director, **GEORGE MICHAEL** *(who has been associated with the business for 40 years).*

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Mth.
£10 ...	£0 5 6
£20 ...	0 11 0
£30 ...	0 16 6
£40 ...	1 2 0
£50 ...	1 7 6
£100 ...	2 15 0
£200 ...	5 10 0
£500 ...	13 15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

Free Fire, Aircraft and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture** purchased on Ideal Terms is **insured against damage by Fire, Aircraft Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

IMPROVE YOUR HAIR AND KEEP IT "FIT."

OFFER OF 1,000,000 "HARLENE" HAIR-DRILL OUTFITS FREE TO READERS.

THE SECRET OF THE "ALWAYS SMART" APPEARANCE.

TO-DAY everyone—soldier, sailor, and civilian alike—desires a smart appearance, especially that well-groomed appearance of the hair for which our officers and men alike are world-famous. To-day such a gift is offered to all free, for you can obtain the wonderful four-fold "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit merely on making written application as directed below.

Already Harlene Hair-Drill has won a well-deserved popularity in the Navy, the Army, and the Civil Service, and also among War-Workers of every kind. Millions practise it daily—it is a toilet exercise, takes about two minutes a day to carry out—and ascribe their fine and well preserved hair even in war-time to its adoption. It is the secret of much of the "smartness"—what someone has called "the cold-tub appearance"—of the British soldier and sailor.

NO EXCUSE FOR UNHEALTHY, UNBEAUTIFUL HAIR

If you have not hair that is healthy, radiant and luxuriant, hair that is free from unhealthy accumulations, hair that defies War-Time and Father Time, hair that glints and glistens in the sun, try "Harlene Hair-Drill" to-day, free of cost to you, except the small expenditure of 4d. on stamps to defray cost of postage and packing on your free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit.

THIS GIFT PARCEL COMPRISES:

1. A bottle of the unrivalled hair food and hair tonic, "Harlene for the Hair."
2. A "Cremex" Shampoo powder to cleanse scalp and hair and prepare them both for "Harlene Hair-Drill."
3. A bottle of "Uzon," Brilliantine which gives the hair the sheen of softness and silk.
4. Book of Directions for the successful carrying out of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

Even in the trenches our soldiers like to keep their hair "fit" by the "Drill." It is "up to you" at home to do the same, especially when you can do so at such a small outlay of time and trouble.

Healthy, radiant, abundant hair makes all the difference to woman's appearance (and man's, too), for that matter), and now you have the opportunity to try the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method of securing and maintaining hair health and beauty.

HARLENE "HAIR-DRILL" MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

At this time when men and women are concentrated on war work, never has the great "Harlene Hair-Drill" exercise proved so universally triumphant. If you are worried as to your hair health, send for the Special Four fold Gift offered you here.

NEW LIFE FOR YOUR HAIR.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" will banish and prevent the return of all hair-health defects, and you can prove this free, as so many others have already done. Make up your mind to accept this free offer at once—to-day. A little effort on your part will bring this four-fold gift to your address on payment of the cost of postage and packing (see coupon below).

MILLIONS PRACTISE "HAIR-DRILL."

Millions of men and women now practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" daily. They have tested and proved this unique preparation, "Harlene," and its agreeable method of application. "Hair-Drill" is the surest way to overcome all hair defects, and that it is also the easiest way to ensure the perfect growth of long, silky, beautiful hair in abundance, glossy and bright.

AFTER A FREE TRIAL.

You can always obtain further supplies of any of the preparations from your local chemist: "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; Solidified "Harlene" for soldiers, sailors, travellers, etc., in tins, at 2s. 9d., with full directions; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 1½d. per box of seven shampoos, single packets, 2d. each; "Uzon" Brilliantine, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle. If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, any or all of these preparations will be sent on receipt of 6d. extra for postage direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C. 1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed. Write to-day.

"HARLENE" GIFT COUPON.

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

[John Bull: 1/8/18].

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the day date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

Nerve Strain and Indigestion

Speedy Cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mr. F. Lord.

Mr. Frank Lord, 93, Stretford Rd., Manchester, the well-known violinist, says: "Some years ago I had a bad nervous breakdown of which Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured me, and I think it only right to tell others. I was in an extremely low and weak condition. My digestion was all upset, everything I ate caused me pain, and I was rarely free from headache. Sleeplessness was another trouble, and I became terribly depressed. In other words, I had neurasthenia just as badly as anyone could have it. Ordinary treatment did no good at all, but at last, I am thankful to say, I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and that was the beginning of the cure. My digestion improved and I gained strength. Best of all, I could sleep and my nerves grew steady again. In the end I was completely cured."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-Spasmodic, and the safest and most effective home treatment for—

Nervous Breakdown	Nervous Debility	Indigestion	Palpitation
Nerve Paralysis	Sleeplessness	Stomach Disorder	Premature Decay
Spinal Weakness	Anæmia	Mal-Nutrition	Loss of Flesh
Infantile Paralysis	Kidney Trouble	Wasting Diseases	Brain Fag

Specially valuable for nursing Mothers and during the critical periods of Life.

Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world. Prices: 1s. 3d. and 3s., the 3s. size being the more economical.

FREE INFORMATION.—If you want to have further information relative to the suitability of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in your case, free of all charge, write to the Manager, Dept. C, DR. CASSELL'S CO., LTD., Chester Rd., Manchester.

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IT COSTS YOU £0 : 0 : 0

Our Clothes Renovation Service costs you nothing really, for your suits and overcoats last two or three times as long when you

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Free collection and delivery anywhere within 10 miles of Charing Cross. Country and Army and Navy abroad we parcel post. We post back free.

EVENTUALLY

there will be an Ingersoll Radiolite for everyone.

To-day there is a temporary shortage owing to the urgent needs of soldiers, sailors and airmen. *These must be supplied.* Meanwhile the public are urged to accept any Ingersoll Model available. If you are fortunate enough to possess an Ingersoll take care of it. With ordinary care it lasts a lifetime and will not need repair. Repair-work is also delayed—men have joined the Forces—parts are difficult to obtain—be patriotic and don't waste material or labour.

Ingersoll Radiolite

INGERSOLL RADIOLITE A RELIABLE WATCH FOR GENERAL USE

watches show the time by day and glow the time by night—24 hours-a-day continuous service.

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